

THE FINE ARTS' JOURNAL;

A WEEKLY RECORD OF PAINTING, SCULPTURE, ARCHITECTURE, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, AND
POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE CONVENIENCE OF SUBSCRIBERS, THE WEEKLY NUMBERS ARE ISSUED IN MONTHLY PARTS, STITCHED IN A WRAPPER, AND WILL BE FORWARDED WITH
THE MAGAZINES. SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED BY ALL BOOKSELLERS AND NEWS AGENTS, AND AT THE OFFICE, NO. 12, WELLINGTON STREET, NORTH.

No. 30. VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1847.

[PRICE, 3d.
STAMPED, 4d

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ON STYLE, MANNER, AND SCHOOL.

Is there a British school of art? If by a school it is to be understood that there is an agreement general among our artists to look upon nature in a certain manner; that there has been, or is, among us, an artist whose success has been so preponderating that the many have been convinced by him, that his view presents so much of refinement that the study of his works facilitates advance in the road to truth;—or to what some consider more than truth, that conception of the quality of form and colour that enables the painter to use their elements in constructing combinations never seen in nature, but surpassing the singularities of accident by the harmony of intention. We say, if this is what is meant by school, we have none in England. We have no teacher; we have no atelier open to pupils; there is no painter who surrounds himself with disciples; there is none sufficiently dogmatic to say "this is so." Artists have little communication with each other; their painting rooms are private and isolated; they say nothing about their own discoveries or suspicions; and, were it not for the annual exhibitions, they might as well be in different countries, for any advantage or colour of combination they receive from mutual proximity. There is, therefore, no school of art in England that intentionally controls production. In spite of this, it may not be disputed that there is a quality in an English picture that we distinguish at once from the art of any other country. What is this quality? Is it style, or is it manner? Is it that sort of treatment of a subject that proceeds from the complete accomplishment of an intention that has its source in a well comprehended and deeply considered theory? which is style; or is it the accident of place; and arising from

the uninquiring adoption of those means that present themselves the most readily, and for whose use no reason can be given; their peculiarities not being even suspected by the artist's self? This may be denounced as manner. We are afraid then that manner has too much to do with the peculiarities of the mass of our artists; and that many of our advantages are rather attributable to the accident of circumstance, than to that sufficient inquiry into cause that would guarantee to us the certainty of that harvest of excellence the quantity of seed that is now sowing would seem to intimate. That there are among the English painters some that excel all the Continental artists in the treatment of the carnations of the flesh is, no doubt, owing to the fact that among us delicacy of complexion is more generally to be met with. It is therefore a part of imitation; it is a *sine qua non* that no other quality will be allowed to substitute; and, we believe, that it is the continued experiment and habitude of seeing the slightest *nuances* in flesh tints that has given our artists the advantage as colourists over all other modern painters. All are endeavouring to paint flesh well; and he that paints flesh well, that is, he that succeeds in doing that at which all are endeavouring, must, as a consequence, be a colourist; must become learned in effects, and have resources in the combination of hues. Therefore it is that our school, allowing it to be called a school, is eminent in colour, without being remarkable for any peculiar commonality of effect, to show that, as colourists, we are guided by any one generally received principle. Thus, the colour of Etty, Mulready, Leslie, Poole, Egg, and a host of others, is as different in their consummated intentions as were the various schools of Italy. All are evidently not the consequence of any commonly understood principle. They are all rather referable to the instinct of perception than to any acknowledged element by which the artist could himself account for the effects he succeeds in producing. It is clear, therefore, to us, that although English artists, as a body, are eminent as colourists, there is not among our painters any definite character of effect, that could be reasonably denominated the English school of colour.

If we look to landscape art, we find still more of difference. Indeed, so far from there being evidence of anything in common among our landscape artists, it would rather seem that they avoided each other's manner or style from principle. We have but to name Turner, Creswick, Stanfield, Anthony, Pyne, Witherington, Danby, and Linnell; and we have a variety of excellence that derides the name of school altogether, and proves so much of independent inquiry into natural facts, as leaves conventionality out of the question. There seems to be none employed in doing

something better than another does well; there are no two contesting for excellence in the same path; and there does not appear in the pictures of any one an evidence, that the artist had ever looked upon the picture of any other of those that are imitating the same nature under the same sky. This is a position in which art never was till now; and we have a right to predict that the consequence of this will be, in a very few years, something quite different from anything gone by. Art will not again be the victim of reputation; for the only principle owned in England is natural imitation. The habit of looking analytically upon production is gaining ground every day, and artists do not believe in *recipies* for concocting that whose principle characteristic is infinitude. But manner is the result of *recipie*; for it is the imitation of result by those to whom cause is untraceable. Our artists have spread themselves over the field of art in the search of cause; and each sees nature with his own eyes, and produces, according to his ability, the impression that nature has made upon his own sensations without reference to the impression received by another sensation from his own, and for the elements of which he would not be so well able to account. The school of landscape is the open air, with natural perception for instruction. The consequence of this is, that we have no rivals in landscape: and that our English school is known, not by the peculiarity of manner in which nature is looked at; but by the success with which all of its phenomena are produced. The character of our style in landscape art is general excellence.

In historical art, however, this is by no means the character of our style—if we have a style; an attribute to the possession of which we more than doubt our claims, as regards this department of painting. We do not here allude to deficiencies in drawing. We have yet to see the picture anywhere in which there are not faults in this particular; and we have among us several that might challenge great names in Continental art. Our doubts, therefore, are not confined to drawing. We are rather inclined to refer to too much carelessness among painters, in the selection of their models; not so much in the form of trunk and limbs, as head and countenance. The manner of our high art is common-place in model. There wants dignity of character, elevation, and individuality. No matter what the subject, we have the same heads of the same models in every picture; the alterations they undergo not being dictated by a well-digested adaptation to the personage they are used to represent, so much as to so generalize their features, that they shall not represent the peculiarity of the sitter. They are retiring from one model, not approaching another, and thus are modified by the artist's manner. Thus we have no costume; nothing in the character of the

personage that would suggest its meaning, were it seen unconnected with the composition in which it is placed. Take Mr. Macclise's picture of Noah, and what have we in any figure there that speaks of an antediluvian family; or tells us that such a characteristic has been aimed at? Have those females anything belonging to them that might not be equally adapted to any other period as the one proposed? Are they in anything the representatives of an early people? Is there an attempt to distinguish the character of countenance of the three sons? Have they not all of them such English faces, that you meet every day, and pass without a notice? Their greatest attempt is to represent fine specimens of the animal man, having only reference to his animal nature; and the females are selected simply for the purpose of peopling the desert earth, without that apparent difference among them that would, in their features or complexions, account for variety of race, which consistency of subject would have suggested. The endeavour to attempt to do this would have put mind upon the canvass; but it has been neglected. This is, therefore, not a picture in which the mental powers of the painter has been called into active exertion; and the intellect of the spectator is a fallow while looking at it. It is a sort of imitation of a *tableau vivant*, that might have been much better produced as a *pose plastique*; and all its claims upon our notice lies in its mechanical dexterity. This is not, therefore, High Art, but is a picture having the mannerism arising from habitual neglect of the elements that make style. The mere correctness of bones and muscles, added to all the refinement of physical beauty that belongs to individual model, will never be sufficient for style in art. The repetition of the same form in different parts of a picture, no matter how the attitude, and airs of head may vary, is, after all, monotony and manner. Physical beauty is not confined to a class in form, and there is a character appropriate to every age and every temperament. The truth of a composition depends much upon attention to this; and it is to this that is owing the difficulty of accomplishing satisfactorily a High Art production. Did Leonardo Da Vinci take a lazy mechanic or a disciplined horse-guard as a model for his Judas? Look round the table of the celebrated *Lord's Supper* and endeavour to discover a commonplace countenance. Individuality is everywhere represented. There is all the variety of other characteristics that may be used without contradiction to that one that is their bond of union. There is not one generalised head among them; all are selected, both in reference to elevated character and so much of individuality as is necessary to so mark the composition for a fact, as that it should be received as a representation of the portraits of the individuals present. So far from these heads being selected without inquiry, it is said that the Saviour's was never finished, from the circumstance of the artist being unable to satisfy himself with conception or model for his countenance; and that the Judas was not chosen until after much industry of research. This quality of refined character, or rather individuality of unobjectionable character, in the heads, seems to us to be the distinctive difference between ancient and modern art; and we think that it is in some measure attributable to the circumstances under which the most celebrated specimens of the best period were painted. Religious subjects were usually either painted in religious establishments,

or in churches having religious establishments attached to them. In either case, there is no doubt but that the painter had the privilege of selecting his models among the confraternity; and as these were of the very class of model belonging to the subject, the liberty of choosing the best among these gave to the ancient artist an advantage that demands some considerable resource in a modern to balance. This difficulty must, however, be met by those who would attempt High Art. The simple addition of an extra amount of forehead is not enough to make a philosopher. The Gallileo of Mr. Hart has more the air of a man fond of good eating than of one that has spent days and nights in study and abstruse calculation. He is not even an Italian; the colour of his flesh is neither the palor of one that had been subjected to long and close confinement, nor the flaccidity of inaction. He has a large head, but the material is not first-rate, and the spectator has no veneration for his appearance. There is a perception among the generality that never errs in these matters, and with them mere conventionality is an insufficiency. We do not believe in the possibility of entirely inventing high art heads without repeating mannerisms. The artist who does not repeatedly consult nature is only iterating a prejudice. We do not say this from disrespect to modern art. We believe a painter of our period is, from his position, quite as equal to the task as any of those gone by. It is not the difference in ability that makes this difference in production; it is the difference in confidence. In early art a picture was not looked upon as so simple a matter. The moderns undertake and fails to do what the ancient only escaped failure from not attempting. Indeed, we believe there is more of arrangement in the accumulation of physiognomical experience now than ever; but it is, nevertheless, insufficient to provide that variety of identity, that lends truth and individual character to a High Art work, without recourse to the best models and refined inquiry into the characteristics of expression.

Let us examine *The Village Choir*, by Mr. Webster, and ask ourselves the question—Are these heads invented, or are they every one suggested, if not verbatim copies, from selected peculiarity? There is no doubt that every man and child in that picture is almost a portrait, in which the individuality that suited is rather increased than generalised. It is a truth; and there is exceeding delicacy of artistic manipulatory imitation, controlled by the mental excellence that perceives, selects, and modifies. This is High Art, in which the hand is controlled by purpose, and there is a thorough accomplishment of the thing meant. In looking at this picture, the artist thinks, not deeply, but pleasantly. In Mr. Harvey's picture of *Leaving the Manse* we have the selection of head we look for. Here is individuality of selected character, and the intellect and feeling are aroused. This is high art: and its only mannerism is in the drawing.

We believe that much mischief has been done to modern art by a too literal acceptance of the term generalise. It has been received, without sufficient inquiry, as an axiom, that High Art is rather the abstraction of form than an indication of a truth, and that historical personages are rather the representatives of humanity than the individuals of the genius fitted for the acts attributed to them. Thus do we often see pictures composed of a crowd of well-constructed lay figures, rather than of individuals that present the characteristics

of men and women, varying in organization according to the infinity of difference that nature presents. The term generalization must be understood not so much to represent an abstraction of humanity as the getting rid of any peculiarity contradictory to the received character of the individual, or that tends to create an impression on the spectator other than that which belongs to the intention of the artist. Within this restriction all forms are equal, and the selection is one of the grand tests of mental fitness in the painter; indeed one of those tests that very few of our celebrities would survive.

It is time that our artists should think seriously of these matters. At present there is a tendency among our aristocracy, and, indeed, generally with those that possess the means, to encourage modern art by purchase; but, on the other hand, there is a tendency for the creation of an over supply. We already perceive the effect of art unions and schools of design. The number of new names during the present exhibition is enormous; and we believe that we see many indications upon the walls of the various galleries of a still greater crop next year. Indeed, the power of manipulation that some twenty years ago made Mieris, Metzu, Gerard Dow, &c., incomprehensibilities, is now, in numerous instances, successfully rivalled, if not surpassed; and we predict that in a very short period all the mechanical departments of art will be too generally possessed to be at all remarkable. Then must the best think of something better to separate themselves from the mass; and the little more will be of vast consequence. It is well and truly said that "coming events cast their shadows before," and we see clearly the time when a tolerable artist will find it difficult to live. This should be well considered by those who now join the profession, and by those who assist them in the determination to do so. The Royal Academy should become exacting as other opportunities become numerous, for to the present time more than any other are the words of Fuseli applicable:—

"If," said he, "the students of this academy must be supposed to have overcome the rudiments, and to have arrived at that point from which it may be discovered whether nature intended them for mere craftsmen or real artists; near that point, where (in the phrase of Reynolds) 'genius begins and rule ends,' it behoves us not to mistake the mere children of necessity, or the pledges of vanity, for the real nurslings of public hope, or the future supporters of the establishment that reared them. Instruction, it is true, may put them in possession of every attainable part of the art in a decent degree; they may learn to draw with tolerable correctness, to colour with tolerable effect, to put their figures together tolerably well, and to furnish their faces with a tolerable expression,—it may not be easy for any one to pick anything intolerably bad out of their works; but when they have done all this, they will find themselves exactly at the point where all that gives value to art begins; and they are at the threshold of their art, in a state of mediocrity. A good mechanic, a trusty labourer, an honest tradesman, are beings more important, and of greater use to society than an artist of mediocrity. When I, therefore, say that it is the duty of the academy to deter rather than to delude, I am not afraid of having advanced a paradox hostile to the progress of real art. Genius and talent cannot be deterred by the exposition of difficulties, that it is an injury, not a boon, to all else to remove."

H. C. M.

ON SUBJECTS FOR OPERAS.

ONE of the fancies that seems to pervade the votaries of the musical art is, that music may be applied to any subject; or, as we should say, the attempt is made to apply it. Of the impossibility of giving a description of anything by music is a subject we have before discussed in No. 5 of THE FINE ARTS' JOURNAL, and are glad to find that some of our contemporaries have profited by our lucubrations, and coincide with the opinions there expressed; some of these have lately appeared in print, in reference to Spohr's symphony of the "Power of Sound," performed last Monday at the Philharmonic. If music by itself is incapable of positive description, as we think we have proved, and that it is only in connection with words it conveys a positive meaning—we may go still further, and say, that, even with words of which it endeavours to give the expression, there are certain subjects for which it is wholly inadequate, or, to say the least, unsuited.

We will, on this occasion, confine our observations to operatic compositions; for there will be ample facts for contemplation under this head. If we take a survey of the subjects usually chosen as fit vehicles for modern operatic compositions, we in general find them of a character to which, with the smallest consideration, it would be evident it was but little likely that music would be a proper, or even an eligible exponent. If we consider, abstractly, music as an art, the intrinsic character it has gained in all ages, and among all nations, belongs far more to an engendering of the softer and tender emotions, than to a representation of those objects likely to produce repulsive feelings; and yet, in spite of this so self-evident a fact, composers of operas seem determined often to select the most ungracious subjects. Musical poisonings, fightings, odd jumbles of historical facts, the most absurd anachronisms, in short, anything that we, in John Bull language, would say was likely to make a great show and noise, is deemed the most proper for the musical art. How different was the opinion of the great writers, may be judged by a simple inventory of the subjects they selected, and in which they were most successful. *Don Giovanni*, *Le Nozze de Figaro*, *Il flauto Magico*, show the style in which this great composer, Mozart, displayed his happiest vein. The only one Beethoven ever wrote, is grafted on a simple story of the faithful love of woman. *La Cenerentola*, *La Gazza Ladra*, *La Donna del Lago*, *Il Barbiere*, all of a light character, are the most popular effusions of Rossini's admired pen. Weber in *Der Freischütz*, *Euryanthe*, and *Oberon*, showed his predilection for fairy and romantic tales; and if we come down to these writers of our own days, who have maintained the most sway with the public in their compositions, we find in Bellini, although *Norma* must be considered of a mixed character; yet *Sonnambula* is a simple village tale. Of Donizetti we have in *L'Elisir d'amore*, of a decidedly comic cast. Of Meyerbeer, *Robert Le Diable*, a romance of the German school. We might extend our observations to English compositions; but those we have mentioned will suffice for our purpose. If we look at the productions of all the writers whose names are here mentioned, it becomes a demonstrated fact, that in every case, with scarcely an exception, the most successful operas are those which are of a light and simple character. We do not mean to say that some of the compositions of a serious character, have not been successful;

but what we do say is that with every variety of personal disposition in the individuals, it is not a little curious to observe that the greatest success in composition has been in those operas where the subjects were not of a serious cast. Take those of Mozart that we have mentioned, it will be confessed that they have outlived the Idomenio—take those enumerated of Rossini, they are heard over again and over again, where the serious operas do not command anything like the same attention. The case of Beethoven is singular. A man, usually considered of a morose and sullen disposition, chooses a subject full of tenderness for the outpouring of his musical spirit. Weber confined himself to the region of romance; and Meyerbeer, when he did so, was more successful than when he selected appalling subjects, such as the Huguenots. From these facts, rules may be laid down, to a certain extent, as to what ought to be the peculiar province of music as an art. The old hackneyed phrase—

"Music has charms to soothe the savage breast," although uttered by one man, is only a summing up in a sententious way, the general feelings and ideas which have prevailed from all time as to the humanising and softening influence of the art. How can it, then, be in any way consistent to force it out of this, its peculiar line, into one for which, from its very nature, it is unfitted. What affinity can there be in a plot full of stabblings and poisonings, and other matters revolting to human nature, with an art, the essential character of which is to soften it? Perhaps there could hardly be a more forcible instance of the truth of the observations we have made, as to the subjects most fitted for operas, than in *Lucrezia Borgia*, as performed at Covent Garden, the general character of which belongs to that class we have denounced. The most successful piece in the whole opera is the light ballad, "Il segreto per esser felice," as sung by Alboni. We do not mean to say that much of the success is not to be attributed to the manner in which it is sung; but we mean to say, that the character of the ballad contributed to it; and, if we look more closely into those airs which are the most successful, even in serious operas, it will in general be found to be those where the subject appeals to the tender feelings. In those parts where some terrible denunciation is made, the effect is, for the most part, produced by the acting more than the singing. So that we are driven to the conclusion, that a very general error has crept into fashion, of supposing that serious subjects are adapted for operatic composition. The example set by those who ought to have been looked up to has been neglected; and the consequence is, a mass of subjects are selected by libretto-writers the least suited for musical representation.

If we take these into consideration, it is astonishing to find how many are founded on history—the usual resort, it appears to us, of poverty of invention in the writer. But, to make the matter worse, the story is in general so distorted from the real facts as to take away the interest which might otherwise attach to it. And in this medley state the composer is called upon to exert his inventive faculties in setting to music a mass of unintelligible nonsense. So much, however, in the success of an opera must and does rest upon the libretto, that we would wish to call the attention of composers to this point, in order to deter them from wasting their energies on such materials as are presented to them. The composer who has most indulged in the cast of operas but little suited

to music is Verdi; and it might be shown, very easily shown, from a careful review of his subjects, how much of his want of success might be attributed to the selection.

In proof of the assertion we have made, that such are the subjects which may be most sure to command success, and which appear the most suited for operas, we will instance those of the *librettos* of which have been written by the French writer Scribe. In almost every opera we might give much of the credit of the success to the written as well as the musical compositions, and if this is granted, it is clear that the position we have taken up as to the subjects most fit for music is correct. Scribe does not indulge in the horrific, murderous line of business, the general resort of inferior writers, but chooses that which of itself is likely to create a sympathy in the audience. Here, then, is a rule admitting of universal application. The probable effect that such or such a subject is likely to produce on the audience, is found in the character of those operas which have gained the greatest success; and we have shown from the selection we have made of the compositions of many, that at all events the operas of which the subjects cannot affect the sympathy of the public, are not those most likely to achieve success. It is not our intention to enter into the question of morality, which in many cases is so grossly outraged, but it has been our wish to analyze music as an art. In a former number, as before observed, we have proved it is not of itself descriptive, and we have now endeavoured to show that the sphere is limited, even where the words are given to eke out the sounds. Some objections may be taken to so sweeping an assertion in reference to sacred music; and we may, perhaps, at some future time address ourselves to that subject.

C. J.

THE CLASSIFICATION OF THE DRAMA.

WE believe that the drama is an exception to the generally wholesome effect of free trade. There is no doubt with us, that both for performers, managers, and public, a liberal system of restriction would be more beneficial than the present wantoness of licence. There should be more of copyright and more of property in invention infused into the material in which they deal. Suppose that operas were confined to one house, melodramas to another, tragedy and comedy to another, and vaudeville to another, we should take in all our principal theatres, and give security to each in their endeavours. Then, while they all entered into a fair competition, there would be no such thing as pilfering from any. If one house could keep burlesque to itself, it might accumulate a fortune in making fun of the rest. A hit would then be a hit; and the inventor would enjoy the fruits of his own talent. Now, the hit is but a signal for an imitation, no matter where it begins; and anything beyond the common is echoed over and over again, till it becomes a bore.

The larger houses have been destroyed by competition from the lesser. It is true that they have little right to complain; for they had in their constitution the reproach of a monopoly. They were all privilege and no restriction; and the meanest class of performance was, in its turn, a temptation; their patent included everything, and they used everything it included. They thus made inferior art fashionable by adopting it. Let the larger houses be content with the high class drama, and use their efforts to give that in its greatest perfec-

tion, leaving to the minors what belongs to the minors, and they will have no occasion to petition for an act of parliament to guarantee to them their privileges. While they confine themselves to that branch of art that demands the greatest talent, they make their own supremacy, and, by making their measures equal to their means, may set competition at defiance. Let the Haymarket provide itself with the best actors, lest it look more to quality than quantity, and it may do without its burlesque staff. Two good comedians and a lady actor, would not cost half the money, and would fill the house at whole price. The Haymarket Theatre ought to have nothing to do with burlesque; it is now a bore everywhere else; but it is ten times as much a bore at the Haymarket Theatre; it is tedious to the audience, and is destructive to progress in the actor. Buckstone will have up-hill work to do to efface the memory of his singing. How many thousands have come to town by railway, have watched him while exposing himself, and have then gone back to tell everybody "Buckstone's a muff." There is nothing more dangerous to a player than trying to sing when he cannot; for, although a good amateur actor is a *little* uncommon, good amateur singers are to be met with everywhere. Now, Buckstone sings bad enough for six; so bad that people suppose he is compelled by his articles; he thus escapes audible reproach; and they believe that the character is imposed on him for a punishment. If he only sang half as bad as he does, he would have been pelted long ago. The mere suspicion that he thought he was tolerable would be the ruin of him. But this species of nonsense has no business at the Haymarket; and it is the manager and not the actor that is blameable. We would restrict a theatre like the Haymarket from the production of burlesque, even as we would restrict Drury Lane from becoming a show for wild beasts; or the Adelphi from genteel comedy; or the Surrey from *poses plastiques*. We believe a good deal of the success of the theatres of the Boulevard, Paris, is attributable to the classification of their performances; and the endeavour rather to rival each other by the perfection of their class, than by the ruinous competition of doing the same thing. The spirit of copyright is much more strictly enforced in France than in England; and there is never an instance of the same piece being brought out at two theatres at the same time. There is much mischief done to the drama by the freedom given to piracy in this respect with us. If a tooth-brush that presented advantages were introduced to the British public, a patent may be obtained for it as "communicated by a foreigner residing abroad," but an author, or rather an adaptor, who translates a foreign drama for the English stage, that is successful, is followed by a host of others repeating the same words, and he has no remedy. *Don Cesar de Bazan* was acting at seven different theatres on the same night in London, adapted by as many different translators, not a few of whom did not know the original language. It may be said that this translating, or adapting quality in a writer is not worth protecting. We have no veneration for the talent ourselves, but right is right, and of the seven we think that the first had the best claim on the profit. Even if the talent is not worth cultivating, it would be politic to confine its growth by giving the privilege to one, and not have seven doing the same thing, that thing being unworthy. But there is a

talent in the man that discovers in another country that which is fit to become a gratification in his own; and it is a talent that should be protected. It is the talent of good judgment; and, as it is only invaded when successful, it provides its own guarantee. There are even absurdities that deserve protection. In these times, for large posting bills, a sounding popular title is of more value than a good piece. The reputation that had been obtained for Jenny Lind by the struggles made by managers for her possession, was suggestive of the usefulness of her name in a bill. The Lyceum found this out, and the absurdity that should excuse its appropriation was concocted. It was no sooner discovered to be a hit, than the Adelphi pirated the name at once, and it appeared in the bill of that theatre before the nonsense that should accompany it had been written, or even thought of. This was an infringement on the spirit of copyright that would not have happened if the classification of the drama had been provided for, and would have been actionable in Paris. But we fear that what we would have is not likely to interest those that could bestow it. There is a gravity connected with our executive that considers its dignity compromised by bestowing attention upon the amusements of the people. This is the deficiency of our organisation; although there is not another nation that is more devoted to amusements—aye, and frivolous amusements—than our own, yet do we blush to talk about them reasonably. They are thus rather tolerated than supported, and the minds of those to whom their improvement might be entrusted, affect to look upon them as too trifling to demand serious attention. The reason for this is something difficult to comprehend, and a matter that cannot be logically defended. Of the very great number of persons in England whose wants are provided for by means in their possession, without the necessity of labour, and whose lives are a continuity of search for relaxation among variety of attraction, it would seem a matter of serious moment, that those amusements should be of the best procurable description. The Frenchmen look to this, and we call them frivolous. They are above the affectation of pretending to despise that which is to them, as it is to us, a pursuit and an occupation. If we are right to blush at having an interest in these matters, we are wrong to tolerate them; for whatever is permitted to be done should be superintended to the well doing. While the best in the land are insisting upon high art from our painters, and offering rewards for its production, let not the drama, which is more continually an exhibition, be left to chance medley of mercenary short-sightedness; let the soil be manured, and all known resource used for its amelioration, and do not leave it to be exhausted by an endeavour to obtain repeated harvests without the expense of cultivation.

THE TRUNKMAKER.

ARCHITECTURE AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE time has been when the Academy's professor of architecture was wont to send annually to the exhibition his full complement of drawings, and when the architect academicians, with one exception, indeed, also contributed. Now, *tempora mutantur*; neither the academic professor, nor any of the academicians exhibit; and it is ditto,

or pretty nearly so, with the members of the Institute; which royal body in Grosvenor-street seems to disown any connection with its royal cousin in Trafalgar-square; though it has not gone to the length of declaring open opposition by getting up a rival architectural exhibition of its own. Nothing so good as that comes to; for were the Institute to do so, we should heartily applaud it. We should then give it credit for being in downright earnest, and for having the advancement both of the art and of the profession really at heart; whereas now it is chiefly remarkable for its *strenua inertia*, and wastes all its energy in do-nothing fussiness.

At all events very few of its members distinguish themselves by their contributions to the Academy Exhibition, the only one which affords the opportunity of showing the public architectural designs; the Society of British Artists having now, for a great many years, discontinued their original practice of admitting them. As to the Academy, architecture is in a manner forced upon it; and the space there afforded it is so inadequate that the "architectural room" seems to be so called upon the principle of *lucus a non lucendo*; the consequence of which is, that besides many drawings being turned away, of those which are hung up, a considerable number can scarcely be said to be exhibited at all, unless to "exhibit" and to "put out of sight" are synonymous terms. The gratification we derived from Nash's exquisite interiors of Windsor Castle, (noticed by us at page 442,) was greatly enhanced by the admirable manner in which they were displayed—all upon a single line around the room. Architectural drawings require to be looked at like prints; and no architect ever shows his designs, be they ever so poor in themselves, and therefore calculated to look best at a distance, in the manner in which they are for the most part hung up at the Exhibition. A further evil consequence arising from the proportion of good places being so small, is, that many are deterred from sending anything; preferring to be absent altogether, rather than have their productions made use of as gap-stoppers, to fill up spaces for which the size of their frames happen to recommend them as peculiarly fit. The reluctance on the part of so many to send designs, may thus be partly accounted for, and, in some measure excused also. Most assuredly, however, it neither accounts for, nor excuses the neglect or apathy, or whatever else we may call it, of the Academician architects; they being quite secure of their works obtaining favourable places. The illaudable practice of the Academicians seems to be contagious, operating as an example for those who would be thought to stand so high in their profession as to have no occasion to extend their reputation by exhibiting. Whether they would care to avail themselves of the very best and most legitimate excuse of all may be doubted; that excuse being that they have nothing worth looking at to show us.

Such excuse cannot possibly be offered by Mr. Barry, for he must have abundance of interesting subjects, of which he could have drawings prepared for the exhibition. This year, had he shown us nothing else, he might have let us take a peep at the ball-room he has lately fitted up for Sir Isaac Goldsmid, in the *cinq-ante* style, and which is said to be "greatly superior, both as regards invention and execution in detail"—perhaps as regards colour also—to anything of the kind yet done here. If such character of it be

correct, that apartment would have supplied an excellent and much wanted study of decorative art. Some subjects of the kind are needed, if only to infuse a little more variety into the general collection of architectural drawings. Nevertheless all that we are permitted to see this year of Mr. Barry is a portrait—a mere head in chalk—by Hayter, which struck us as being neither a faithful nor a flattering likeness; or rather, it did not strike us at all, our attention being called to it only by its title in the catalogue.

Let us hope that before another season Mr. Barry will recollect that he adds R.A. to his name, and not he alone, but *tutti quanti* ought to bear the same in mind. They ought to be found at their posts; and the Academy ought "to expect every man to do his duty," or else put him upon the list of crippled and superannuated. It would, however, be idle to imagine that the general body of Academicians give themselves any concern about the architectural portion of their exhibition. All the more incumbent then is it on those who represent architecture in the academy,—and still more incumbent on them, as their numbers are so few to attend to its interests with the utmost diligence. They ought to think or act as if they thought that the character of each exhibition depended solely upon the talent displayed in the architectural drawings,—that they were the crowning glory of the whole. Were they really to fancy so, it would of course be a delusion; but it could not fail to be productive of benefit by securing attention for that class of subjects,—so necessary, when we consider how powerfully they are eclipsed in the opinion and favour of the many by the other works of art congregated beneath the same roof. On this account we cannot help being of opinion that architectural drawings and models would obtain more consideration than they do at present, and be looked at with a higher degree of interest by those who now only glance at them very hurriedly, were the interest confined to such works alone, in a special exhibition of them. The experiment is worth making, and would be made, were there but half as much real attachment for their art among the profession, as there now is empty rhodomantade, vapouring about its dignity as the very queen of all the arts! Poor queen! she does not at any time show herself to be possessed of much queenly state or authority at the academy.

In the present exhibition there are fewer architectural productions of striking merit or interest than usual. There is a great sameness of subjects, and of ideas also. Churches abound, and they all affect to be mediæval almost to the exclusion of a single fresh thought. The very studiousness with which the mediæval character is attempted to be adhered to, destroys that spontaneity of design which marks a natural style; that is, one perfectly understood by, and completely under the management of those who employ it. And wherefore should we strive to be—or more properly speaking, to appear so intensely mediæval in our churches, seeing that we neither care to be, nor can be so in our buildings generally? There is a good deal of the factitious in the present overweening and exclusive taste, which will tolerate no other than the quondam architecture of Romish times for modern Protestant churches. With all the minute and loquacious pedantry, too, which prevails as to dates, showing chiefly a peculiar memory for such matters; architects make no scruple of jumbling together in the same design the styles of two or

three distinct periods. For this they, of course, plead precedent, as all-sufficient justification and authority—the example and testimony of the structures which they avowedly imitate; forgetting, however, the adage "*duo cum faciunt simile, hand faciunt idem.*" Most true it is that many large and otherwise admirable monuments of mediæval architecture exhibit a more or less complete series of the styles which formed its successive and progressive phases. But then such inconsistency—if we are at liberty so to call it, arose out of the changes which actually took place in the general practice of the art itself during the course of the works—carried on in many instances for centuries together. Again, it is by no means uncommon to meet with single features, quite different from all the rest, in buildings that are, minus such exceptional parts, nearly all of a piece throughout; those parts being alterations and insertions in the original work. Widely different is the case with structures that are designed and erected at once, and which ought, accordingly, to show the conception of one mind working out its ideas consistently. Instead of which, much of the Gothic design now so greatly in vogue, amounts to little more than the compilation of fragments, put together with that omnivorous taste which has equal appetite for everything that is sufficiently musty to be admitted as orthodox by archaeologists. We may be perfectly right in imitating the edifices of "our forefathers," only in doing so, we deviate, very unsuspectingly perhaps, from their practice. They showed very little respect for precedent; felt no qualms about innovation; but abandoned themselves freely to what was suggested by circumstances, and the promptings of their own minds; and, guided by a happy instinct, or rather by rational principles, and unencumbered by prejudices, availed themselves of immediate occasion; with what success needs not to be told. The mediæval architects employed what was to them, the vernacular tongue of their art, the only one then in use. To ourselves, on the contrary, that architectural idiom has become a dead language:—not that in which we express our ideas on all occasions, but one which demands peculiar study first, and constant effort afterwards, lest we should commit some solecism, or employ expressions not warranted by precedent. It is pretty much the same with a defunct style of architecture; and that the mediæval style is now utterly defunct, as far as the general use of it is concerned, is most undeniable. We cannot so employ it without greatly corrupting it at first; and, after fresh elements had thereby been introduced into it, and fresh plasticity imparted to it, it might again become a perfectly consistent and universally applicable style; not the same as the original, but a kindred one, and a legitimate descendant from it. We know of no other process by which mediæval architecture can be really revived; if anyone else does, he is in possession of a secret he seems disposed to keep to himself. On the other hand, if anyone imagines that the course we have hinted at may possibly be taken sooner or later, we must leave him to his delusion. What! innovate upon, and by innovating, corrupt mediæval architecture, in order to mould and accommodate it to all the various purposes and requirements of actual use in this prosaic, if not otherwise greatly degenerate nineteenth century!—it is only to be dreamt of, not thought of, in our sober, waking moments, as something within the verge of possibility. Nor

will it be so much as dreamt of, unless in some fit of the night-mare, by the orthodox worshipers of precedent, and those who, making a palm-tree of architecture "in its palmy days," amuse themselves by gathering *dates* from it.

Knowing that we have trespassed beyond forgiveness by this long digression from our proper topic, we scorn to solicit it. If we want indulgence for our humour we take it, without asking for it; just as some who, as the worthy *Meg Dods* says, call themselves "arkitects," help themselves to ready-made ideas, the very first, perhaps, that fall in their way, instead of taking the trouble to invent it. There is one design in the present exhibition which is a remarkably strong instance of such practice—of that audacious wholesale plagiarism which, in anything but an architectural *design*, would be stigmatised as downright piracy. Either Sansovino has become, by metempycosis, Mr. Sydney Smirke, or the latter has very unceremoniously appropriated to himself the design of Sansovino's most noted piece of architecture, the *façade* of the Biblioteca di San Marco, at Venice; that of the new Carlton Clubhouse (No. 1109) being a facsimile of it, some slight variations excepted, which, however, are anything but improvements; and, slight as they are in themselves, they materially affect the general character by disturbing its unity. Such, for instance, is the unlucky result of the substitution of channelled voussoirs for the moulded archivolts to the arches of the Doric or lower order. On the other hand, the original is adhered to where deviation from it would have been a propriety; for the balustrade is so excessive as to height as to diminish the rest by comparison; a balustrade being intended for, at least, intended to appear to be, a parapet over which persons can conveniently look out—accordingly, to be, under all circumstances, proportioned to the ordinary stature of the human figure; consequently, a balustrade serves as a sort of scale to the eye, by which it judges of the dimensions of other parts. We require not to be told that it is usual to proportion a balustrade in such situation to the building or order over which it is placed. We know it is; and we consider it to be a great mistake; being of opinion that it would be far better to reverse that practice; and, instead of at all enlarging, rather to diminish the ordinary size, in order to give the appearance of its being at a greater distance from the eye than it actually is, and, in consequence, greater apparent magnitude to the building itself. Though we have but just made a beginning with our remarks, it is time for us now to put "finis" to the present article.

THE FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

(Continued from our last.)

THE drawing and miniature room of this exhibition is not the least attractive, if we may judge by the crowds that are assembled in it on an afternoon. These are, however, not usually so much lovers of the arts as seekers for the portraits of friends, acquaintances, and sometimes of themselves. We are there often obliged to observe that which is very good in art condemned as very bad in likeness; while other specimens which, as pictures, are detestable, are much praised for the similitude to their model. In our remarks we must be understood, except in a few instances, to apply ourselves entirely to the fine art quality of the picture, which is, after all, that with which our reputation, as a school, has most to do; for, however dear may be the resemblance

to the parties connected with the sitter, there are very few cases in which that quality alone will make the permanent value of the work. Do not let us here be understood to advise, or be supposed to tolerate a carelessness in this matter; not that we imagine such advice, if given, will have any mischievous effect; but that we would not be committed to an absurdity. The first quality, no doubt, of a portrait, is likeness; and as it may be taken as a rule, that an excellent likeness cannot be a bad picture; while it is not by any means uncommon that a very good picture, even in a portrait, may be no likeness at all; it follows that the excellent likeness is, singly, the safest endeavour of the two. But as we cannot be universally a judge of likenesses; and as the generation that will succeed our own will be still less capitated for such a judgment; we repeat again, that the permanent value of these miniatures, as works of art, does depend upon their quality as pictures. That is, upon fine drawing, truth of colour, and gracefulness of composition. There is a satisfaction accompanying the examination of the miniature-room at the Royal Academy, in that we have no doubts, or shadows of doubts, that we are there looking upon the finest specimens of the class of art that are now, or ever were produced in any country whatever. There is nothing in French or German art, that will bear comparison with a first-class English miniature of the present time. While we are confident of this, we are sometimes rather inclined to look upon it as a fortuitous circumstance than as the consequence of a mode of training, that would promise a continuance to Great Britain of the superiority. There is no disguising the matter, our present excellence is entirely attributable to the works of Sir William Ross. There is no other artist that combines in himself so many fine qualities in so high a degree. In fact, there needs be no hesitation in saying that no other miniature painter can draw the human figure as it ought to be drawn. We are not sure but that Mr. Carrick may paint a male head as well. Indeed, there are very many excellent painters of heads among artists of less note; and both Mr. Carrick and Mr. Thorburn can turn out a hand satisfactorily; but neither one nor the other have yet, in any instance, in their proportion of the whole figure, left us nothing to desire in the way of modification. Mr. Carrick usually giving his sitter the effect of a short person, and Mr. Thorburn of a giant; and, moreover, the latter gentleman does not represent the drapery as indicating a living form beneath it. Here we have an example of the usefulness of a well grounded education in the elements of art; an example not by any means frequent among miniature painters; indeed, so unfrequent, that of all the specimens in the present exhibition, there is not one that gives promise of sufficient drawing, excepting No. 721, *Portrait of Mr. Giberne*; by H. T. Wells, an artist of whom we know nothing, and of whose works there is but that specimen; which leaves much to desire in manipulation. There is, however, no meanness or namb-y-pamby in the proportions of the figure. Mr. Thorburn paints a head well, and finishes it most delicately; and he has, also, at times, a rich effect in colour; but his flesh shadows are conventional; and always too dark and warm for the effect of the open air, in which he usually places his sitters, combined with the delicacy required in the fair face of an English lady, in which greys are more likely to predominate; his draperies, also, are by no means remarkable for truth; at the same time that the attempt to do more than is accomplished is always evident. Mr. Carrick is known at once by a sort of drab effect that runs through all his pictures. His faces are perfect in character, refined in treatment, and most delicate in modeling; and his draperies escape criticism as to truth of texture, from the evidence they furnish that the artist has endeavoured at no more than character of fold. Upon these three does the miniature excellence of our time depend; and, although we have many others to dispute with the best of other schools, these three are beyond dis-

pute the best of any; and of these three Sir William Ross is, beyond dispute, so far pre-eminent, that when we look upon his works we have a consciousness of examining familiarly what will, at some future time, be looked upon with wonder as the *chef d'œuvre* of the nineteenth century. How this should happen may appear extraordinary, and will no doubt pass for some wonderful natural gift in the artist. We believe the natural gift will be found to have been mainly assisted by the circumstance of an education for high art having been devoted to miniature. Sir William Ross, it may be remembered, has painted monstre pictures, in which his powers as a draughtsman were made evident; and that he was a regular and indefatigable attendant in the schools we know from the fact, that, in 1821, he gained the first medal in the life, the third being received the same year by Mr. George Foggo. Now, we believe, ninety-nine out of a hundred miniature painters commence practice as soon as they can draw a head tolerably; and we know that they might go on painting heads to all eternity without arriving at the capacity to comprehend the proportions of a figure. This is the position of the most of our miniature-painters; and this is the secret of the eminence of Sir William Ross. There is no possibility of his present rivals accomplishing what he does without taking the means that have given him the capacity; and they have neither the time nor the inclination for such a labour; while we scarcely expect nor would advise another, having his amount of artistic accomplishment, to devote himself to miniature. But we have dilated something too extensively on this matter, and must to our account of the general excellences of the exhibition.

The first miniature that attracted our notice was, 706, *Master Gillies*, by Miss M. Gillies. This is a bold attempt for a lady, and as the opportunities for the study of the figure are very restricted, the weakness of drawing is hardly a reproach; we may, however, notice the very finely painted head of *Mrs. Charles Walpole*, 712, as being much injured by inattention to drawing in the hands. Now, there is no obstacle in the way of a lady becoming excellent in that department. In 729, *Judge Crampton*, there is much character, and deficiency is not prominent.

No. 721, *Portrait of Mrs. Giberne*; H. T. Wells, we have noticed above. Excepting a little wooliness of outline, this is a very fine painting. The drawing has no meanness in any part; and if Mr. Wells will continue to study with determination, he will make some of the high ones look about them. There is, no doubt, intention in this looseness of outline; but it is an intention as yet unaccomplished, and the effect is yet ragged. Perseverance will, however, cure this; for what the mind wills the hand will do in time.

No. 724, *The Lady and Daughter of Captain F. Lort Stokes, R.N.*; W. Egley. Clever now, and promising for the future. A little more power and certainty in drawing will do much. Let Mr. Egley get his proportions from the bony structure only, and study it. The manipulation is very good.

No. 725, *Two Heads—the Earl of Antrim and Lady Osborne* (in a frame, and neatly drawn); Mrs. Dalton.

No. 728, *Mrs. George Benson*; W. F. Tiffin. There are clever portions in this that manipulation might improve, unless there is organic defect.

No. 738 is a well painted head of a *Young Lady*, by R. Smith; and 741, *The Chevalier Courtois*, is a broadly treated portrait, by F. Cruikshank, who was the pupil of Robertson. In 742, *Portraits of the Right Hon. the Countess of Wicklow, and the Ladies Catharine and Maria Howard*, by Miss S. Howard, there is a great deal that is good in parts; the greys in the flesh are sometimes raw, but they are also sometimes very successful.

No. 752, *Mrs. Reginald Cocks*; C. J. Basébe. This is a full-length portrait of the lady seated on a rock upon the sea-shore; and a remarkably fine picture, that will vie with the best on the wall for textural finish in the drapery. The face is also finely painted, and the composition well contrived both as to line and colour. There

is a manipulatory dexterity in this picture that gives it precedence over most of those around it.

No. 760, *Mrs. Fowler Broadwood and Family*; R. Thorburn. A well composed and richly coloured picture of a lady and three children. The heads are all sweetly painted; but there is much insufficiency to complain of in the accessories. This insufficiency does not so much arise from want of labour, as from an appearance of inertistic treatment. Characteristic touches may sometimes substitute painstaking effectively, but in the green satin frock in this picture there is an appearance of artistic misdirected, as if the artist had been the victim of misplaced confidence.

No. 764, *Mrs. Parry*; A. Tidey. The head and bonnet of this is delightfully painted, and it is a matter for regret that the remainder does not correspond. It is, however, rather careless than *gauche*, and stoops to no mean prettiness.

No. 773, *Portrait of a little Girl*; Miss E. Anne Scott. A very well painted little head.

No. 774, *Richard Durant, Esq.*; Sir W. C. Ross, R.A. This is a grand style of art, and may challenge a right to the title of being a perfect work of its class. The head is full of character; the hands admirably painted; men's hands;—no five-pronged conventionalities that would seem useless to look genteel. The proportion of the figure, and the drawing and texture of every accessory in this picture leave us nothing to desire. The resemblance of Richard Durant, Esq. will have a reputation as long as the material it is composed of will exist, for when it ceases to be celebrated for its resemblance, it will be contemplated with wonder, simply as a painting.

No. 775, *The Hon. Mrs. Maynard*; R. Thorburn. This is among the best we have seen by the artist. It has scarcely the character of a portrait, but resembles a delightful ideality, replete with exquisitely infused sentiment. Here we have no dark shadows to complain of. Mr. Thorburn was fortunate in his model, and the lady not less fortunate in the mood of the artist when she sat to him.

No. 776, *Portraits of Mrs. Burten and Children*; Miss A. Dixon. Very successful indeed in parts.

No. 779, *John C. Abbott, Esq.*; T. Carrick. The head fine; but we doubt the proportion. The arms are small for the head, giving the impression of a very short man.

No. 780, *Her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte of Belgium*; R. Thorburn. Very vigorous in colour, but the shadows on the flesh too brown, and the drapery of the dress not sufficiently cared for. Now, an artist may, if he chooses, neglect everything but the head, and call it his style; but he must be consistent; and, after the head, the person must occupy the chief attention. In this there is more labour bestowed upon the chair than upon the princess's costume.

No. 785, *Lord Lyndhurst*; T. Carrick. The head of this portrait is so exquisitely finished, that we could not doubt the likeness had we never seen the man. Mr. Carrick would do well to obtain more variety in his effects. The everlasting drab background is a manner.

No. 788, *Sweet Reminiscences*; Miss E. A. Scott. A lady playing on the pianoforte; and thinking of "Auld lang syne." Very nice and characteristic of titles.

No. 794, *Charles Wynn, Esq.*; T. Carrick. Full of character. Mr. Carrick never attempting to indicate more than character of fold in his drapery, and doing that with freedom, he avoids much labour without appearing deficient. The drab effect of this picture is still a monotony and a manner.

No. 795, *Mrs. Alfred Montgomery*; Sir W. C. Ross, R.A. The size of the eyes, in this portrait, is something extraordinary. The arms and hands are beautiful. The foreshortening perfect.

No. 799, *Sir Henry Ellis*; Sir W. J. Newton. This is a very clever portrait, and full of character.

No. 810, *Portrait of a Gentleman*; by C. Durham. Is painted in a good style; and 807, by J. Basébe, is remarkable for good drawing.

No. 820, *Mrs. Robertson and Children*; Sir W. C. Ross, R.A. A very fine family group of a lady and three children, one, a noble-looking infant in arms, is almost naked. All is beautifully cared for; but we think there is something to wish in the outstretched arm of the child, it is long enough without the foreshortening, yet, by the curves, it is foreshortened, thus giving an appearance of excess in length to the limb.

No. 821, *Portrait of Madame Acuna*; A. E. Chalon, R.A. A miniature of the old school, broad and rich in treatment.

No. 821, *Mrs. Morlin*; R. Thorburn. There is an aristocratic air about this figure which has to do with the *charlatanerie* of the artist's manner, and is, no doubt, one of the secrets of his success. The face is beautifully finished as to texture; but the far cheek is too dark in shadow, and too warm in tone for open air and a *blonde* complexion. The figure is very graceful in pose.

No. 822, Contains four very nicely painted heads of children, by W. Egley.

No. 830, *Miss Burdett Coutts*; Sir W. C. Ross, R.A. This is another *chef d'œuvre* by this accomplished artist. The lady is standing with her left elbow upon a high backed carved chair, her fingers just touching her cheek; the other hand contains a pencil. There is gentle sadness in the expression of her features that seems to represent her as quite unconscious that her resemblance was being enrolled among the wonders of art. This is all beautiful. The chair and its stuffed back and seat, with the vellum covered volume that lies upon it, makes an impossibility to surpass. How the artist can turn out the number of exquisitely finished works that emanate from his pencil, is, to us, a puzzle. 832, *The Earl of Shaftesbury*; and 834, *Mrs. Manaton Piron*; by the same, are in close approximation, and have nothing but their excellence to identify them as the works of the same hand. 842, *Mrs. Dent*; and 857, *Mrs. Leigh*; both admirable as works of art, concludes the productions of this gifted painter in the present exhibition.

No. 846, *His Royal Highness the Duke of Brabant*; R. Thorburn. This face is singularly out of drawing for one so young.

No. 895, *The Viscountess Pottinger*; R. Thorburn. This is not pleasant to look at. The free beyond is in a bad style of art. The farthest arm hangs much too low to be so bent. It could not be produced without exhibiting great disproportion; while the hind legs of the dog could not be so seen as drawn, the horizon lying where it does. There is much inaccuracy in this artist's designs.

No. 890, *Miss Anne Ferguson*; T. Carrick; is a very delicately treated female portrait.

No. 918, *Lord William Beresford*; R. Thorburn. Aristocratic consequence is not wanting in the upper part of this figure, but it does not stand well upon its legs. There is every appearance of the unnatural stiffness of a lay figure in the left trowser. The head is finely painted, and so are the dogs.

In the larger class of water colour portraits Mr. G. Richmond takes the lead. Among his best specimens may be mentioned those of 1009 and 1016, *Mrs. and Neill Malcolm*; both remarkable for fine, bold drawing, without stooping to the meanness of conventionalism. We also notice a clever portrait of Madame Celeste in character, by C. Baugniet. Mr. Tatham spoils every thing by his small hands; a detestable affection. V. Dartiguemare has several well drawn portraits. We must also notice Miss Elizabeth Murray as being very clever in this department. Mr. John Hayter has some large sized crayon drawings stumped into effect and then touched with red, that are free and masterly in treatment.

There are several pictures in the upper part of this room that should obtain notice but that they are beyond our reach. This may also be observed of the architectural room, round the upper part of which seem to be collected to a great height some very clever landscapes; among other things, we noticed 1211, *The Fisherman's Home*, F. J. Wyburd—to us a new name—in which there

seemed to be much ambition and not a trifle of success.

We have heard less of reproach against the hanging-committee of this season than at any former period; and yet it is probable that there never were before so many clever pictures in bad places. There has been a conscientious selection as to quality, in the first instance, and, we believe, as to placing, in the second; but the number of good pictures has been greater than the amount of tolerable places for their reception; and numerous artists may congratulate themselves rather on the exhibition of their names in catalogue than of their pictures upon the walls. We know well that even that is, to most, preferable to rejection; and while some of our contemporaries indulge in small wit respecting the octagon room, we are assured that three or four more such additions to the means of publication now possessed would be received as a boon by the artists. We hope to see a remedy to all this in the erection of a sufficient gallery to receive the works of all that are of that quality that make them deserving; and we do not think this would be satisfactory unless there were a second, in which there might be hung up the refused of the first. Any injustice will not then fall upon the artist, but upon those who attempted to commit it.

SCULPTURE ROOM.

Sculpture labours under many disadvantages in this as well as every other exhibition in which we have seen it exposed. A statue, or group, should either be in the open air with the light around it, or it should be supported by such an arrangement of light as that its best effect might be accomplished. This is an impossibility in any exhibition, and may not be expected by the artist. But this is not its only disadvantage; its effect of composition in line is much interfered with by the composition of other groups that cross it. A picture escapes this; it is enclosed in a frame, and is only responsible for itself; while it is difficult to separate the effect of sculpture from anything that is either very near, or immediately beyond. This might, with space, be remedied, but here we have no space, and the exhibition presents a sort of chaos of form that it takes some time to analyze. The first object that strikes the eye on entering the room, is—

No. 1315, *Virginia and his Daughter* (a group); P. Mac Dowell, R.A. The Roman has stabbed his daughter, whose corpse is hanging across his left thigh, and partly supported by the grasp of his left hand. In his right he holds up to heaven the knife. This is a grand composition, excellent in drawing, and of a refined and characteristic model. The lines compose beautifully; the expression of head is just at that point to which sculpture may fairly pretend. The noble figure and energetic action of Virginia is finely contrasted with the prone helplessness of the body of Virginia. The *beau ideal* is of the highest class of the heroic, the drapery appropriate, and there is expression throughout, even to the feet and toes.

No. 1316, *Eurydice*; W. C. Marshall, A. The head of this is very beautiful, and moreover true, with refinement in sentiment. The action is appropriate; she is turning round with an expression of pain and alarm on being bit by a viper. We like the upper part of the figure much the best; the legs want detail in modelling, and there is an unpleasant right angle in the contraction of the bitten leg.

No. 1317, *Comus offering the Cup to the Lady*; E. B. Stephens. This is not the character of Comus. The face is that of a female, and the head does not belong to a tempter to evil. It is weak throughout. The right arm is also short for the length of the lower limbs.

No. 1318, *Metabus, with the Infant Camilla attached to his Spear, preparing to throw her over the River Amazon*; L. Bozzoni. Virgil never intended this to be comic; but it is made comic by the artist's treatment. The child Camilla is in itself a capital composition; the action and expression being most natural to any infant under the circumstances. It is, nevertheless, grotesque,

and resembles that of Rembrandt's "Ganimede," whom Jove's eagle is represented pulling up to heaven by the tail of his shirt. The figure of Metabus is not so successful. His action wants freedom, and there is much to wish for as to muscular consistency. Indeed we think that there has been a slip of the chisel just above the knee in the right leg that makes that part much too small. The whole is pleasant as a composition.

No. 1319, *Youth and Joy*; J. Hancock. Nicely composed; and, except that the male child wants the softness of youth in the body and limbs to harmonize with the face, there is a great cleverness in the whole.

No. 1320, *Sabrina* (a statue in marble); W. C. Marshall, A. Very beautiful in composition particularly from the hips upwards. The head and bust delicious in every point of view. The lower limbs, however, seem to present the same deficiencies as those of the Euridice; they want softness and fleshy texture.

No. 1321, *The Maid and the Mischievous Boy*; F. Thrupp. This was one of the competition groups for the Art Union prize, last year. It was there called *A Girl persuading Cupid to shoot at one she loves*. The cupid or boy, is a nicely composed figure, the hesitation, mixed with mischief, of his countenance, is good, and very happy for sculpture; the modelling soft, fleshy, and refined in character. The bent attitude of the female is, however, unpleasant, as making shadows on itself.

No. 1322, *Early Sorrow* (a statue in marble); P. MacDowell, R.A. A very slight and exceedingly graceful young girl, that holds to her bosom a dead bird. This is a deliciously composed figure, in which the artist has combined beauty, sentiment, and individuality, without drawing upon the antique for assistance in either. This figure reminds us of nothing that we have seen in ancient art; while it seems to surpass it all in its own character of the beautiful.

No. 1323, *The First Step*; W. C. Marshall, A. A mother teaching her child to walk. There is so much firmness of muscle in the young gentleman as to indicate that he commenced his pedestrian studies rather late. Our griffins always ran at ten months.

No. 1324, *Marble Group of the Prodigal Son*; W. Theed. A cleverly composed and fairly drawn group, about half life size. Why is the old man made to be so much taller than his son?

No. 1326, *Plaster Group of Zephyr and Aurora*; T. Earle. This is so composed that the faces must be in shadow.

No. 1325, *Madonna*; J. Fillans. Here is cleverness, but no refinement. The head is more that of the Magdalene than the Virgin; while the Saviour is merely a sturdy child, something coarse in feature. There are many mechanical faults that show the artist to be young in marble.

No. 1327, *The Lady in the Enchanted Chair refusing the Cup*; E. B. Stephens. There is the same deficiency of refinement in the head of this figure, as in the Comus. The upper part of the composition is, however, much more pleasant in line.

No. 1328, *Model of the Statue of the late Lord Chief Justice, Sir C. N. Tyndall*; E. H. Bayley, R.A. An admirable portrait. Rich and broad in composition; and full of vigour in every part. This is a fine specimen of the costume of our period.

No. 1330, *Spencer's Faërie Queen, under the Legend of Constance*; W. Ford. An alto-relievo with much cleverness in parts.

No. 1331, *Musidora*; G. Nelson. A very prettily composed statuette, graceful in composition; expression of head neat and appropriate; but the drapery something too much clinging to the form. Statuettes of merit are uncommon in this country, and indicate a road for an artist to obtain both popularity and emolument.

No. 1332, *Morning Visitors—Portraits*; J. E. Jones. An elderly gentleman with a dog and a young child. The proportion of the child is not sufficiently infantine; the head being something

too small for its height. The dog is good, and his head expressive.

No. 1333, *Marble Statue of Pastorella*; T. Earl. There is a great deal that we do not like in this figure. The hat would not contain a well formed head; the folds of the drapery are scanty and timid; the legs are short, and cross one another with a knock-kneed effect that is ungraceful.

No. 1334, *Satan falling from Heaven*; A. Brown. This is a colossal figure with the head downwards; and is the warranty of talent in the artist of a very high class. The form is upon the classical model, and exhibits great learning and consistence in muscle; but, we think, the composition is much injured by the doubling up of the left leg, which is not merely unpleasant in line, but an impossible position for a falling body to continue in, and, if the term is allowable, still more impossible to take while falling.

No. 1335, *Perdita*; S. J. B. Haydon. A pleasantly composed statuette; the head delicately modelled. There is, however, something wrong in the left leg below the knee.

No. 1336, *Musidora*; J. Ternouth. It wants the "little more" to interest.

No. 1337, *Genius receiving the Reward*; T. Earl. Was not this also one of the competitors for the Art Union prize? There is want of drawing all over the figure. It might be called "Self Appreciation." He is crowning himself.

No. 1338, *An Attendant on the Chase*; J. Thomas. There is an unpleasant German affectation of coarseness in this group. The complexity of line about the head destroys breadth and creates shadow where shadow is a harm. We like the dogs a great deal better than the man.

No. 1340, *The Snake in the Grass*. Cleverly composed; but the right arm of the boy is too slight; in fact, much slighter than the left arm of the same figure.

No. 1341, *The Working Model for the Figures of a Monument to the late Mrs. Legard*; J. Bell. The infant had died sometime previously, and it is represented as a cherub in mid air, waiting to accompany the departing soul of its mother to whom it holds out its arms. The idea of this is very good in the first place, and it is most successfully produced. It is very popular indeed among the visitors to the exhibition.

No. 1342, *Virginia*; E. G. Papworth. This, be it understood, is Paul's Virginia; and she is represented as washed ashore by the waves. This is finely drawn from a very beautiful, though something plump model. Its chief objection is, that the expression and roundness of limb rather denotes sleep than death.

No. 1343, *Drowned Youth*; P. L. Crowley. There is much independent thought and cleverness of execution in this composition thrown away; for it is not pleasing to look upon; and is by no means popular among the visitors.

No. 1385, *The Hours bringing the Horses to the Chariot of Apollo*; J. Engel. Hero we have a run upon Mr. Flaxman's bank, without having made a single deposit. Oh, Mr. Engel! for shame!

No. 1387, *A Boy catching a Butterfly*; F. Thrupp. This is excellent, the action of every part, and expression of countenance is most appropriate. The drawing is so true as to resemble rather a cast from a living model than a composition.

The Guardian; J. E. Jones. A capital group of children, playing with a remarkably fine Newfoundland dog.

No. 1390, *An Equestrian Statuette, in Bronze, of the Marquis of Anglesey*; E. Cotterill. It seems to us that the hind quarter of the horse is weak.

No. 1391, *An Ancient Briton, as a Spy*; G. G. Adams. We do not know why the artist has chosen to represent his ancestors under this character. The composition is, however, characteristic, and the style of model of a high class. There is something of weakness in chest, when compared with the largeness of the limbs.

No. 1393, *The Captive*; G. Nelson. A recumbent female figure in chains, statuette size. The face

is almost covered, but there is much expression in the composition.

There is the usual number of busts, among which those of Mr. Behnes are, as usual, remarkable, being all of celebrities for something or another; as, *Count D'Orsay*; *Lord Chesterfield*; *Joseph Carpe, M.D.*; *The Common Sergeant, Sir John Pyrie*; and *Benjamin D'Israe'l*—the last of whom took off his shirt upon the occasion.

There is also bust of *Lord Chief Justice Tindall*, by E. H. Bailey, R.A., that is remarkable; another of *Sir Robert Peel*, by W. Graham.

There is also, 1413, *A Marble Head of a Bacchante*, by C. Moore, which is, after all, nothing more than a portrait of a laughing country woman, without any character of the Bacchante in her composition. She is only good tempered; and should not, on that account, be nicknamed.

In our notes in catalogue we have marked No. 1450 *Ianthe*, by W. Gray, as very pleasing in sentiment; and though we have forgotten his works, we will not refuse the artist the remark we have made.

[It has been intimated to us that we have passed by portraiture with too little of remark. In the next number we will notice this matter.]

ROYAL ADELAIDE INSTITUTE EXHIBITION.

We, at the first proposal of this exhibition, gave our opinion that it was a mistake. We believe the speculators in the matter have, by this time, discovered that we knew the land they undertook to cultivate better than they did themselves. It is, however, a matter of congratulation to artists that their profession has become an object of speculation, and that pictures are, at length, received among the class of accumulated labour, and supposed to form what is called property. We had an objection to this business from the beginning; for we, like the *unknown contributor* to the *Morning Post*, do not "like art and show to house together, like the beasts and players in a country fair;" another misapplication of a pilfered sentiment by that unfortunate wight; for had he used it to an exhibition of pictures that was superintended by an exhibitor of dancing dogs and monkeys, the phrase might have been understandable. We were objectors to this speculation from two circumstances. In the first place, an exhibition of pictures should be superintended by artists, and this was not; and in the next, the list of the committee of management contained so many names connected with the diurnal press as to presuppose an intention of influencing artists by operating upon their fears. This we knew to be another mistake; and these contributors to the press could not have devised a more sufficient means to publish their entire ignorance of everything relating to art and artists than that of allowing their names to be attached to this absurd speculation. We have, however, not been prevented, by these objections to construction, from giving a similar conscientious attention to the works hung up to that we have bestowed upon the pictures of other galleries. In doing this, we had an advantage afforded to us in no other exhibition, for we had the room entirely to ourselves; and, had we been so inclined, might have appropriated any portable specimen without the slightest danger of detection. Now this committee publishes its notice to exhibitors, that "Every possible care will be taken of works sent to the exhibition; but the Institute will not hold itself accountable in any case of injury or loss." We are quite sure it would not be accountable; and, it is also certain, that there is no care whatever taken of works hung up. Any wanton mischief might be committed in this solitude, for the Institute has either employed no person as its guardian angel, or that person is most negligent. This is the less excusable, as a lad, in the gallery, could take in the whole exhibition at a glance.

We have nothing but praise to bestow on the arrangement. The lower room has been walled from the gallery to the floor at a considerable expense, and this wall is covered by a morone

cloth, perhaps, the best ground for hanging pictures that could be provided. The oil paintings occupy this place entirely. The first gallery at the sides is useless, as being dark, but the east end is fitted up, with the same coloured cloth, for architectural subjects, water colour drawings, and a few miniatures. There is, however, an objection to this gallery as an exhibition-room that it cannot overcome. The windows are so high that the line of light being almost parallel to the line of canvas turns every inequality in the paint into shadow, and many pictures are, in fact, better finished than they appear to be.

Of the general character of these productions we must, from delicacy to the exhibitors, be very summary in our remarks. We do not enjoy finding out faults, excepting in works that evidence such talent in their producers as suggest the possibility of their amendment. Now, talent is comparative; and, while looking on a picture without knowing whether it is the work of one beyond the age of improvement, or of a youngster at the edge of art, we have some diffidence in speaking out; for it is clear the same performance would often suggest very opposite remarks. The most general characteristic of these works is a want of painstaking. We cannot deny that there is a glimmering of talent in A. Priest's pictures; but it is overpowered by so much presumptuous confidence that we hesitate while making the avowal. There is a picture, No. 16, of *A River Scene, with Nymphs Bathing*, by C. Froggat, that looks more the work of a careless lunatic than of one that intended to paint a picture; and yet there is a treatment of the foreground that indicates talent. There are pictures of shipping, by Stuart, jun., that depends very much upon the age of the painter for their merit. There was a clever picture, by D. Dingle, No. 44, *An Old Mill*, that presents much to admire in sunshine brilliancy and perception of colour. We are countenanced in this opinion by two others, sketches from the same hand, Nos. 69 and 80. There is also a very clever picture, No. 103, *Thames Barges*, by C. D. Smith, the water of which is very well painted. G. Arundell has some well touched landscapes, No. 106, *View near Llanblethian, Glamorganshire*; and No. 145, *Thorney Wood*. T. Dearmer has a very little sketch, No. 111, *Chelsea Reach*, that, though small, is nice to look at; and there are some rather promising sea pieces, by G. Tutill. We would also mention No. 151, *Wingfield Abbey, Derbyshire*; A. M'Callum. All these, be it understood, are rather not bad, than in any instance being what should satisfy the artists; and of this class we do not pretend to have included every name; but we have no hesitation in saying that we have passed by in the Academy exhibition many pictures better than the best among them. The only picture that would command attention anywhere is No. 96, *Saturday Night*, by W. H. Knight; and this presents a considerable amount of manipulatory talent, combined with that perception of individuality in character and truth of sentiment that make an artist. The scene is in the dwelling of a labourer, rather the mechanical denizen of a town, than the rural occupier of a cottage. There is more the appearance of dirty, rough, plenty, than the fresh clearness and something transparent atmosphere of the road-side hovel. There is something of a library, too; indeed we think that the appearance of the bookcase was a little contradictory to the rest of the accessories. With this exception, the rest seemed to be a verbatim copy of an existing locality. There is a grandmother to the left of the picture peeling apples for the to-morrow's pudding; her youngest daughter has returned from making some of the weekly purchases, and is accounting for the change, in which there seems, from the old woman's countenance to be a misunderstanding. Under her chair is a young rascal who has left off cleaning his boots to steal some of the cut-up apples his grandmother has thrown into a basin by her side; beyond, a littered table that occupies the centre of the picture are four old men, smoking and gossiping; while, on the right, a younger woman, the wife of the labourer, is

washing one of the children, whose face is covered with soap. The father is playing with another of the younger children. The painting of this picture is, in parts, excellent; and is another evidence of the mechanical progress of the art at the present period. There are parts here and there that it would be impossible to improve, while there are other portions for which a little more labour would have been very useful. The old woman, and the four old men, and the boy with the soaped face, are equal to Hunt, both for character and truth; but the young mother is not good, her hands are carelessly drawn, and her drapery not true, this being, among so much that is absolute fact, all the more remarkable. If this picture were refused by the academy, it was no doubt owing to the inequality with which it was treated; for, had the eye of an artist been first attracted by some of its insufficiencies, he would have put it on one side without further inquiry.

Before going to this gallery, we had seen in the *Daily News* mention made of two pictures, as being very worthy of notice. Now we see enough in the remarks of the *unknown contributor* to that journal, to tell us that he knows something of his subject. We, therefore, were much puzzled to find out what was the other picture in which he had discovered so many attractions. There was No. 139, *Portrait of Lady Jane Bouvier*, by J. J. Pittar; a very pleasing and clever head, painted in the French manner; but that was not his subject; we went twice round the gallery; and, at length, supposed that the picture had been withdrawn. On returning to our domicile, we sought the *Daily News*, and there found that the picture was No. 122, *Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane*; by A. Melville. We immediately returned to the gallery, and paid one shilling, reader, to look upon this *chef d'œuvre*. The consequence is, that we shall, for evermore, look upon the fine art notices of the *Daily News* with suspicion. We have purchased a shilling's worth of insight into the character of its *unknown contributor*, and estimate his production accordingly. We should not have noticed this work in an exhibition criticism at all; but, if the artist had asked us an opinion on the matter, we should have told him that he had not acquired any of the principles of his art so sufficiently as to render success in such a work a possibility. O, shame! *Daily News*; to mention Mr. Herbert's picture, and this attempt in the same column! Now, do we understand the application made to ourselves by an artist in a certain competition, "that we should say something in his favour if not engaged to another." But this is the treatment to which painters are subjected. We shall not flinch from the duty on every occasion of such puffery of saying what are the real deservings of the work. Had the academy hung up that picture, it would have received a worse production than any now upon its walls, not even excepting those of James Ward, R.A.

In giving vent to our ire against the *Daily News*, for having so deceived us, we have forgotten our subject, and will return to mention among the tolerables, No. 36, *The Toilet*, by — Facon; No. 47, *The Petition*, R. T. Lonsdale. An interior of the reign of Louis XV., in which, although the personages are not what might be desired, there is much cleverness in the still life and furniture of the apartment. No. 55, *Scene from the Antiquary*; G. P. Manley. Personages very bad indeed, but very much labour and some truth in the still life. Of the figures, one of the *least worst* was No. 74, *The Happy Mother*; E. Poyet. No. 75, *The Aged Student*, T. W. Guillod, does not present the amount of talent that would qualify the artist for being the hanging committee, nor his picture for acceptance at the Royal Academy. But Mr. Guillod has not made up his mind whether he is a landscape or a figure artist. No. 138, *Shelley separated, by order of the Lord Chancellor, from his Children*; and No. 143, *The dying Chatterton offered fruit and food by the children of his landlady*; both by H. Fourau, were specimens of French art that are not likely to be welcomed in

England. We took them at first for some old tale of the French Revolution. They are not British in any part. We fear that some hopes have been held out on the other side of the water, that inferior French art was saleable in England, for we perceive a sprinkling of that description of painting here and there, that refers to the same house in Piccadilly. This would be taking advantage of a delusion prevalent in Paris that may be expensive to the dupes. There is no sale for inferior French art in England; there is very little sale for good French art in England. The style does not harmonise with English notions on the subject; and the worse the picture, the more distinctly apparent is the school; showing that perfection is a point at which those who arrive meet together, while the farther they are off, the more opposed are their conventionalities.

INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

A CONVERSATION took place at this Society's rooms on Monday last, which was, as usual, very attractive, and met with a very crowded attendance. Among the paintings that decorated the walls, were the *Cleopatra in her Barge*, by W. Etty, R.A.; and the *Veiled Prophet Mokannah*, by D. MacLise, R.A., the picture that first established his reputation as an artist. In the latter, we were something surprised to observe so much more satisfactory a style of painting than we find in the artist's present manner. There were several capital drawings by Hunt, one of which, *A Mother Curling her Daughter's Hair with the Fire-tongs*, is happy in subject, and of course first-rate in execution. There were also some of Sir William C. Ross, R.A.'s miniatures, one of which was exquisitely beautiful in model; a variety of arms, missals, folios of drawings, and a curious collection of odds and ends, from times or lands remote, that suggests talk, and introduces strangers into fellowship. Among the visitors there was a good sprinkling of Academicians and other celebrities, besides a bevy of fair dames and damsels, the most of whom could think and give opinions upon art that would be fortunes to *Unknown Contributors*.

"We thank thee, Jew, for teaching us that word."

The only regret is, that the rooms are not large enough to receive all that might be advantageously collected on these occasions. Art is on the threshold of a new era, and its institutions must modify themselves to the time. We are not for revolution; but it would be well if the artist profession did exert itself in a preparation to meet the time and opportunity that is now hinting its approach.

A FEW WORDS WITH "THE MORNING POST."

"AND pray what has THE FINE ARTS' JOURNAL to do with the *Morning Post*?" inquires our reader. Is it concerning the Jenny Lind fiasco, or the Sir Robt. Peel vituperativeness, or a conspiracy among the footmen? Neither, reader. The wide-awake baronet is quite able to take care of himself; we do not keep a footman as a servant, and we find no charms in the society of that most respectable fraternity as companions; and as for Jenny Lind, why we and the *Post* are almost agreed in her regard; at any rate the difference is not sufficient to suggest a quarrel. We have, nevertheless, "a very pretty quarrel as it stands," for in the position we have assumed, ay, and mean to support, we may not be excused in passing by without comment the puppyism of remark that has been suffered to obtain publicity in that journal in relationship to art. We know that the conductors of a newspaper have very little real superintendence in these matters. They are usually M.A.'s, or B.A.'s, or L.D.'s, and are, along with all the literature of the land, as innocent of art as babes that suck. We do not complain of this. We are not so unreasonable as to impute that to be a fault in them which the very construction of our seats of learning and the general system of education in England renders inevitable. It might be said, if

the directors do not possess the fitness in themselves for dealing with the arts, they are bound to select those that do. But the very term selection implies judgment, which is the thing they want. The very first step to knowledge is to know that you know nothing; and unfortunately for diurnal, and even periodical criticism in general, this first step has not been accomplished by the editors of newspapers; they therefore appoint confidently, and without cause for selection, and it is but a transfer from incompetence to incompetence. This transfer, however much we may regret it, does not make the entire subject of our present complaint.

In these few words relating to editors, although we allow that they have little choice in what they do, and waive all right of accusation as to moral wrong, for their very bad may after all be their very best; yet we do not allow that by this transfer from incompetence to incompetence they at the same time transfer responsibility. The editor of a journal is as responsible for the incompetence of his substitute as if it were his own incompetence, and if his substitute is impertinent, then is also the editor responsible for that impertinence; therefore, in pursuing our present charge against the *Morning Post*, for both impertinence and incompetence, in relationship to its fine art twaddle, not knowing anything about the deputy or the circumstances under which he wrote, we shall use the term editor, as being the only responsibility we can refer to. Indeed, the articles to which we are about to allude, may have been the production of several hands; in which case we have a right to suppose them to have been made to order, and that their impertinence was the quality in requisition.

We demand, then, of the editor of the *Morning Post*, what there is among the ingredients that make the artist that he should not be treated with the civility that is usually bestowed by men of talent of one profession upon men of talent of another profession? Our readers will here observe that we begin by a reference to the newspapers' mode of alluding to artists in the gross, without respect to individual degrees of worthiness; we shall come to the latter by-and-by. The passage we may as well premise, refers to the new Society of Painters in Water Colours, and the grandiloquence in the commencement of this *soi disant* criticism will be best appreciated after the illustration of the writer's fitness for the position he assumes, which we will furnish: —

"It is only in obedience to a sense of duty that any further notice of this gallery is presented; for, though the reader would lose little did we remain silent, —"

(We admire the *bonhomie* of this admission. It is the single isolated truth in the whole composition.)

"The interests of art might suffer if we allowed palpable error to pass without comment."

Thus we are given to understand that palpable error might pass, and art be sacrificed without any loss to the public. This being the writer's estimate of the value of the thing treated on. But let him continue: —

"Artists, have a service to perform, and an obligation to discharge; but they appear not to conceive that they are under any such responsibility. Too frequently they think that they have only their individual profits to seek, and their personal tastes to exemplify."

Now change the first word in this sentence to *critics*, and mark how apt and true would then become what is here an absurdity, when used as a reproof. We tell this ignoramus that he has stated exactly, but by accident, not merely what artists do, but what it is their duty and their necessity; for it is only by their complete absorption in the perfecting of what is their individuality of fitness that an artist can hope to arrive at any eminence in his profession; his success depends upon the refinement of that taste which this confuser of terms would tell him to neglect. It is, we repeat, upon the extreme cultivation of his own view of art, inspired by the hope of profit,—mark that, *Morning Post*,—inspired by the hope of profit on the transaction (a meanness of avowal that a penny-a-liner would disdain, *in print*), that not merely the success of the painter, but the progress

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of art itself must be constructed. The painter may improve his taste by labour, and study, and observation, and comparison; but he cannot change it for that of another.

"If they can sell their productions quickly, and escape the lash of the *unknown contributor* to the newspaper, then the generality would seem to suppose they have no loftier acquirements with which to comply. *The public they hardly condescend to notice;* and that the public has any right to their exertions, they certainly do not recognise as a body."

Here we have a medley of absolute nonsense and common-place trueism. We can inform the Minors of the *Morning Post*, or if he likes the term better, the *unknown contributor*, that artists are far more careless than he sets them down to be; for, if they "sell their pictures quickly," they care nothing whatever for the lash of the *unknown contributor*; and that they see no right lying in the public "to their exertions," excepting in that portion of the said public that is ready to pay for them. As to their condescension in noticing that public, it is not a matter of choice; for the quick sale of his works is sufficient proof of that condescension on the part of the artist. But the *unknown contributor* goes on—he believes himself to have made a case—the *anabasis* of his distemper begins—and he commences lashing himself with his own tail:—

"Nevertheless, we must maintain, that he who undertakes to entertain a multitude, is bound to make some effort for their amusement. It is obvious, that the man who hopes to be enriched by opinion, should at least show some regard for the taste out of which that opinion is to emanate."

Why, the artist does not calculate upon being enriched by opinion, but by selling pictures quickly; and he knows that the "taste from which the (new) opinion is to emanate," (a sly hint at the *unknown contributor's* self,) would be more completely gratified by a Champaign supper, that the best art that ever was produced. Then follows the *acme*, and critical frenzy is at its height. The *unknown contributor* looks down upon the artist as upon some wretch at his mercy, and the savage glories in his stupid strength.

"No men," says this would-be tyrant, "are less independent than artists; they are subject to every caprice, exposed to every censure, and have no power to resist the tyranny of prejudice."

And yet they exist; these helpless people exist, and thrive, and make merry, and are respected for their vocation, and their success is a glory to the land, and a self-gratulation to all but the newspaper critic, who sells his soul by inches for his daily bread, and flatters himself that he is of consequence, while he is but tolerated; that he is an arm, and a director, and "a lash," as he calls himself, when he is but a reproach to the literature he prostitutes. But let us hasten to the *paracme* of this paroxysm of the *Morning Post*:—

"Knowing they are helpless, we would not lightly raise our *Feeble* voice against any of the tribe."

The artist bows humbly an assent to the feebleness of the voice; and saying with *Shylock*,

"For suffering is the badge of all our tribe," he takes not the slightest notice of the lash he is supposed to be writhing under.

We shall take no more from this impertinence of the *Morning Post* at present, but proceed to the analysis of another paroxysm of this "puddle in a storm."

Our readers are aware that a Society of artists has experimented upon the system of a free exhibition of their pictures to the public. As exhibition-rooms are not to be had for nothing, if the spectators do not pay the artist must; and the qualification for hanging up works in this exhibition became, as a matter of course, the putting down the purchase-money for the space the pictures were to occupy. It followed, that the pictures hung up were, in some instances, rather evidences of gross incapacity, than of any pretension to merit in their producers; and the critic has pounced upon these extreme cases with avidity, as a glorious occasion for indulging in his lashing propensities, with full security from contradiction. We cannot refuse our readers the enjoyment of perusing the flunkeyism of its commencement. Some old dra-

matist used the expression, "All the footmen said it was d-d low." Here we have the footmanism of the *Morning Post*. The exhibition is at the Egyptian Hall, and the *unknown contributor* hesitated to enter; and thus describes his feelings on the matter:—

"The place is not all that could be desired. We do not like art and show to house together, or jostle one another, like the beasts and players in a country fair."

This passage, reader, we do not comprehend, any more than did the *unknown contributor* when he penned it.

"Still, the choice was small, and our feeling, though perhaps conventional, was not a selfish pride. We master'd it, and entered a room on the ground floor of the Egyptian Hall."

What a subject for a picture! The important Jenkins struggling to master his feeling sufficiently to enter the Egyptian Hall! Oh, for poor Jenkins's conventionality. How we venerate the public spirit that enabled him so to risk his respectability. But it was a duty: that was sufficient; and his mighty soul overcame the conventionality imposed upon his weaker nature by long familiarity with the *boudoir* of beauty and the perfumes of the court. Had the "rank-scented many" anything to do with this? However, let him go on.

"The company was thin, nor did we see the faces usually met with on such occasions. The impression which the whole created was not accordant with our expectation. There was a want of preparation evident, and an air of difficulty in the management."

How could it have been that this was not accordanct with expectation when, in a previous paragraph, the writer says, "the plan was new and the undertaking hazardous." *N'importe*, what we admire most of all in this display is the following:—

"Yet heaven forbid the proverbial poverty of art should turn us from its worship."

Well said, Jenkins, again; that boy'll be the death of us. Now, we will bet the Fine Art criticism of our journal against that of the *Morning Post*, that there are contributors to that exhibition who possess more money, honestly and industriously obtained, than would pay the writer's debts. "What do you think of that, Master Brooke?" That the profession of the artist is not remunerated according to its deserves, is an incontestable fact; for the works of their celebrities always obtain more after their deaths than they received for them while living; and this arises from the night-mare influence of critics like the *unknown contributor* to the *Morning Post*. But, in spite of this evil influence, there are among them those that are well to do in the world; and this Society of exhibitors did not come before the public as appellants to its compassion. They came like sturdy yeoman, that could pay their own score, and the very singularity that collected them was the repudiation of other emoluments than that arising from the sale of their works. Then, why does Jenkins harp upon the proverbial poverty of art? But to keep in countenance his pretension to aristocratic conventionality, and harmonise with the silver spooniness of his affection. He is a deep dog, Jenkins, in his way; but it is in a small way.

Well, the editor of the *Morning Post*, after professing to give the "bold adventurers his best attention and most sincere support," commences by expending several paragraphs upon a sort of production on which criticism was thrown away—a production of that class that could not be called art, and, perhaps, ought to have made an exception to the universality of admission that constituted the basis of the exhibition. We did not allude to that picture, from the conviction that any reference to it, or others from the same party, was a waste of space. But what is the notice taken of Biard's picture by the *unknown contributor* to the *Morning Post*?

"The drawing is in some parts excellent, and is generally correct; but beyond there is little to admire."

Now, we will just intimate to Jenkins a little trueism, that may be useful to him on another occasion; it is this, in drawing, **CORRECTNESS IS EXCELLENCE**. And we will add, that correct draw-

ing does so sanctify a work of art, that we should be inclined, for its possession, to forgive ten times the inefficiencies in other qualities that may be pointed at in this picture. But Jenkins knows nothing whatever about drawing, as we shall show before we have done with him. As, for instance,

"It took us by surprise to meet the productions of such a man as Inskip in such a place, and in such society. We have in no measured language, or with any stilted praise, expressed our high opinion of this artist's merit."

Our readers who are desirous to read this trash on Inskip, must go for it to the muddy source itself. It shall not profane the columns of the **FINE ARTS' JOURNAL**; but, after saying—

"Such a man is here out of place. He is the fit competitor only of the giants of his profession."

The *unknown contributor*, then, asserts of 97, "Fishing boys," of which we have given already our opinion—"The figures are admirably drawn." Now, how any two-legged animal, without feathers, could screw "his courage to the sticking-place," for such an assertion is, to our class of conscience, an incomprehensibility. Why, there is not a square inch of good drawing in the picture. The painting is not art, it is stencilling; and, thank heaven, it is a manner that is now confined to one among English painters.

We will now honour the *unknown contributor* by extracting, from the notice of the New Water Colour Society above alluded to, the veritable criticism upon Inskip's two "Fishing Boys," which he has by some, to him not uncommon, mismanagement used in the wrong place.

"The painter is dull, heavy, and common-place; a thick sooty grey fills up the background; and a little colour in the foreground makes up the picture. This old and exploded manner of manufacture would have been better exemplified upon a sheet of note-paper, than upon the ample space Mr. (Inskip) has devoted to its exposure. There is no atmosphere, no variety of tint, no play of light, in the treatment; and the little labour it must have cost the painter makes us less tolerant of its failure."

Now that would be tolerable criticism. What a pity it is that Jenkins, possessed as he was of the material, committed such a gross error in its application. It is a mercy he was not an apothecary. Again:—

"Nothing could possibly be more spun out, every object introduced is put in to take off the obvious look of barrenness, and no more is admitted than just serves to conceal the absolute emptiness of the whole. The handling is also of the kind that admits of dispatch without requiring study or application. Such a production is disgraceful."

Well said again. Here we have Inskip's "Fisher Boys" described exactly; one more specimen, and we have done. Mind, reader, it is Jenkins still that holds the pen, and this is another of his mislaid criticisms on Inskip's picture, that he has used for another to whom it is not applicable.

"He is too satisfied and complacent, and because he is easy, he seems to imagine every one else will necessarily be pleased. His style is egotistical, and rather exhibits an indulgence of his own taste, than any desire to study the mysteries of his profession."

This is a kind of criticism that does not mean much, but yet would pass if exact in its application; Jenkins, however, makes such blunders, that even this is not safe with him. We give him notice, however, to contract his breadth of license in the future, for we have ordered a *Morning Post* entirely on his account, and shall make no secret that there is an immortality preparing for his worthlessness in the pages of **THE FINE ARTS' JOURNAL**.

That we have said so much of Mr. Inskip has not been with us a matter of choice; we have been compelled to oppose just criticism to venial servility; the simple truth to complicated error. Mr. Inskip may reasonably cry out, "Preserve me from my friends!"

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

PROFESSOR WILLIS'S LECTURES ON ECCLESIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE.

The fifth lecture was occupied with a description of the Monastery of St. Gall, in Switzerland, and the great Benedictine Monastery at Canterbury, built by Lanfranc, the Primate. The professor

entered minutely into the forms and characters which usually were found to exist in monastic establishments; not only with regard to the church itself, but the buildings around, in which the monks lived, with the various offices attached; namely, the sacristy, the vestiary, the scriptorium, refectory, the dormitory, the calefactory, hospitium, abbot's house, school, parlour or locutorium, chapter-house, infirmary, doctor's house, and garden attached, and cemetery; giving the various reasons for the particular localities of the offices, springing, as many of them necessarily did, from the daily services of the Roman Catholic Church. Many very curious circumstances were also incidentally related; among others, the fact, that as a general rule monks were periodically bled, which created a little merriment in the audience. The descriptions were very clearly given, and great interest seemed to be attached to the various points on which the professor touched during the lecture.

The sixth lecture was upon the history of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, at Jerusalem, and the various alterations it had undergone; involving a great deal of curious research into the historical part of the question. The building by Constantine, which was destroyed at the Persian invasion; subsequently rebuilt, partially injured by the Mahomedans, altered when in the hands of the Crusaders, and its present destination under its Mahomedan conquerors; stating, also, his authorities from whose writings he had drawn his deductions; illustrating his observations by a sectional model. He stated, that although many particulars had lately been brought to light, he still hoped, on some future occasion, to gain more information, through the enterprise of those who visited the spot, in every way so interesting to the Christian world.

SALE OF MR. COLLINS' DRAWINGS.—The sale of the drawings of the late W. Collins, R.A., commences on Monday next, at Christie and Manson's, King-street, St. James's.

To the Editor of THE FINE ARTS' JOURNAL.

Sir.—As you have expressed a wish in your Journal of Saturday last, for the artists who voted on the second elimination of the £1,000 prize pictures, to make known the pictures for which they voted, I beg to inform you (as proxy for my brother), that I voted for the five following pictures, without reference to the order of merit, "No. 1," Frank Howard. "No. 4," W. Fisk. "No. 5," David Scott. "No. 7," John Wood; and "No. 9," H. B. Zeigler.

I am, sir, yours most obediently,
GEORGE WOOD.

65, Upper Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square.

THE DRAMA.

THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE—Mr. Macready's annual engagement has recommended at this theatre with the character of *Hamlet*. We have before given our opinion of this performance, in which there is a mixture of very high class and energetic acting along with very much that we find to be stilted and unnatural. Attractive as the whole may be as a personation, at a period when we have no better *Hamlet*,—still it is not *Hamlet* after all. The play is much assisted by Mrs. Warner's *Gertrude*.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—The play of *Bertram* has been revived at this theatre, and with some success. Of course Mr. Phelps could not play anything and fail entirely, but this does not tell us of *Bertram*. The character is a portrait. It was the representation in the mind's eye of Maturin that was created by the poetry of Edmund Kean's dramatic eccentricity. It is a series of extravagant dramatic positions, beyond the reasonableness of reality, for which the public had then been prepared by the nightmare heroes of Byron, that would not now impress that same public with anything but a notion of latent insanity in the writer. The time wants high finish and consistency of parts. People will analyze a work that challenges examination by pretending to a department in which certain qualifications have been considered

necessities. Kean's bursts carried the mind of his audience along with them. They were those mighty effects that suggested their own fillings in; and even allowing their impossibility of occurrence, we were contented to suppose the impossibility, to aid the realisation of ideality presented to us. Mr. Phelps's acting is of a different school to that of Kean, it is more amenable to reason, belongs more to cause and effect, and every position in which he is found suggests a "why." The character of *Bertram* is put upon the stage without any reply to these *whys*, and we feel the want of natural cause and effect in the whole performance. Miss Luura Addison is as usual, and has not changed the least of her mannerisms since the commencement of her engagement. The same snapping at words, opening the mouth wide when the letter *a* occurs in a syllable, and using the shoulders to force out the breath; the same popping about the diatonic scale in a series of incomprehensible intervals, that rather suggests the intention of some new system of recitative than that simplicity of intonation that is now progressing in spite of the conventionalities that have worn out the drama. The general getting up of the play was excellent.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—On Wednesday last, being for the benefit of Madame Celeste, was produced what is called in these days of dramatic confusion a comedietta, called *Flying Colours*; or, *Crossing the Frontier* (of course from the French). In it Mr. Webster and Madame played the principal characters. Madame being a young lady who has escaped from a nunnery, and having been traced, an order has arrived for her arrest while in a hotel at Verdun, on her route to Paris, she being disguised in the costume of a male. There is, however, another personage stopping at the same hotel, who is also a fugitive, and they are both arrested; but as one is to be dispatched to Paris, and the other to Nancy, and the authorities have no personal knowledge of the parties, it is agreed that *Helene* shall continue in her disguise, and the *Captain* take the responsibility of her acts by assuming the feminine costume. This leads to some clever scenes, in which the *Governor* makes love to the *Captain*, and is jealous of the lady,—the whole concluding by a pardon arriving just in time for both the parties. Madame and Mr. Webster play their characters with great spirit, and we have no doubt, besides the entertainment afforded to the Adelphi audience, this piece will make an addition to the starring repertoire of those two artists.

THE TRUNKMAKER.

BOSJESMANS EXHIBITION, EGYPTIAN HALL.—Perhaps the most original piece of acting now in London is the exhibition of this singular people. We have never laughed more at Wright or Buckstone than at the humorous grimaces of the smallest of the two of these male specimens of savage life. Here we have the drama of the wood, and an evidence of the universality of the actor's talent. Whether in fun or in serious, there is an absorption and intensity in all he does. While imitating the examination of an enemy's trail, and all the resources of bush fighting, he involves you completely in the interest of the scene; and when he would be jocose, and exaggerates his love for his graceful little wife, or imitates the character of European gesticulation, his humour is irresistible. The dancing is of a higher character than we have seen among savages; the attitudes of the female being replete with vivacity and agreeable combination. The exhibition is one of those that we can heartily recommend.

THE DRAMA OUT OF TOWN.

THEATRE ROYAL, EDINBURGH.—The theatre closes with the present week. Madame Vestris and Mr. Charles Matthews form the present attraction of this theatre. The lady calling this her farewell professional visit to the northern capital. The pieces are of course of the usual description that have formed the repertory of these artists for some seasons in London.

LIVERPOOL THEATRE ROYAL.—Stars seem going down in Liverpool. Mrs. Nisbett was by no means a hit for the manager. The terms per night, £45, being not always covered by the receipts. That lady has been succeeded by Mrs. Butler, who does not draw crowds. There is a want of judgment in this lady, with all her cleverness. It is an insult to the established actor of a theatre to insist upon an addition that is not effective. Mrs. Butler has talent, and may be received as a star, but the system of satellites is bad, it is aggravating a mischief that has already done much harm. Why should Mrs. Butler insist upon Kemble Mason taking chief business in the theatres in which she acts. Does she not know that he is a failure in London? Does she not know that the other actors *guy* him while on the stage. This system of relatives has done much to render the Kemble family unpopular, and however it might have been successful at one period, the time has passed for its revival. Mrs. Butler is clever, but she has not talent enough for two. We happen to know that Mr. Macready did himself much mischief in America, by carrying with him Mr. Ryder, in this same satellite fashion; and we also know that much inconvenience attached itself to Miss Susan Cushman's accompaniment by her sister. Mrs. Nisbett is, very ridiculously doing the same thing with Miss Mordaunt. Such contrivances cannot but make the judicious grieve. Oh! reform it altogether.

BARNESLEY (YORKSHIRE).—Mr. Richard Cockrill has once more dubbed himself "Lessee and Manager," having opened the theatre in the above named town. To us most of the company are unknown—for actors like mushrooms, spring up, and like mushrooms fall into decay as soon—but Mr. and Mrs. Pollock, Miss Tyner, and the great little manager himself are worthy of praise. The inhabitants of Barnsley cannot be said to be devoted to the drama—to judge from the support they afford the establishment.

CONGLETON.—Bullen, the undying—Bullen, the perambulating manager, has converted the Assembly Room into a theatre, and aided by some half-dozen would-be actors—three nights a-week play to a "beggerly account of empty benches." The mayor distinguished himself by patronizing a performance on the 21st, when the manager's better-half appeared as *Pauline*, in the *Lady of Lyons*, to Mr. F. Melon's *Claude*. We should imagine the play, so burlesqued, could not fail to give general satisfaction.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—Miss Susan Cushman has been playing a few nights prior to her retiring from the stage in June next. Surely the managers must have engaged her as a foil, to show, to greater advantage, the talent of the female department of their company. Such stars are not calculated to add to the reputation of the profession, or prove beneficial to the treasury.

DERBY.—Mrs. Nisbett and sister have been on a professional visit during the past week; and, notwithstanding the depression of trade, attracted several good houses. But Mrs. Nisbett is a star of great brilliancy; and her sister, Jane, young, pretty, and tolerable. Miss H. Fauci plays next week, and, with her engagement, will terminate the season.

NEWCASTLE, STAFFORD.—Mr. C. Pitt, resolving to be in the fashion, has been a star for the past fortnight. It is true, he is a better actor than any in the company; but yet not quite good enough to claim the distinguished absurdity of having his name in large letters. No wonder that the present race of actors are thought so little of.

BRISTOL.—Mrs. Macready took her benefit on Tuesday night; the principal piece was the new comedy of the *School for Scheming*, and the chief parts were respectfully sustained by Mr. Angel, Mr. Vining, Mr. Artaud, and Miss Macready. Mrs. Macready delivered a farewell address. The house was but poorly attended, and is now closed for the season. At the annual meeting on Thursday last to audit the accounts, the proprietors received, with no little astonish-

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ment, the gratifying communication from their treasurer, J. K. Haberfeld, Esq., that Mrs. Macready had regularly paid up all her rent, all her taxes, and most honourably observed and performed all her covenants and agreements as lessee. The proprietors, under these circumstances, had much pleasure in renewing her lease on the former conditions. That the house was re-opened for three evenings this week, to accommodate the holiday folks.

BATH AND BRISTOL.—For a time the drama has ceased to be, the theatres having closed for the season. Much novelty has been produced—many stars engaged—a good working stock was selected—and yet the returns were unequal to the deserts. Bath once prided itself on its love of the drama, and the patronage it extended to the art. How changed the scene! On some one or two particular occasions the theatre is well filled; at all other times the attendance is anything but cheering. In the memory of man Bristol was never celebrated for its attachment to the fine arts, consequently, the theatre could not expect to be liberally supported. Many a manager has tried his fortune; but none has ever made one, at least, during the last half century. Mrs. Macready will doubtless open the above-named establishments again; we wish her better success for the future.

SUNDERLAND.—The theatre is under the management of Mr. Samuel Roxby, and we are happy to say, is doing extremely well. This is one of the few establishments conducted on the true principle; it belongs to a circuit, everything goes on like clock-work, and stars are entirely dispensed with. The time for opening and closing each theatre is well known, and the seasons are as anxiously looked for by the public, as yesterday, when they have money to receive. Miss Edwards, Miss Granby, Florington, Simms, and Beverly are attached to the company.

Madame Vestris and Charles Mathews, having terminated their engagement at Edinburgh, will play at Newcastle-upon-Tyne on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday next.

MUSIC.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—*La Figlia di Reggimento* was produced here on Thursday, being another opera in which Jenny Lind had already achieved great triumphs. She fully confirmed the impression already made upon the public. We have said Jenny Lind must be judged of as a whole. It is not by mere vocalization but by her consummate skill in the entire impersonation of a character, that she wins the enthusiasm of the audience. Her acting as the *Vivandiere* was true to nature, and, at the same time, beautiful as a specimen of art. We shall, on some future occasion, enter more into the detail of the performance of this opera. We, however, cannot omit mention of Gardoni, whose singing deserves great praise.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—*Don Giovanni* was brought out here with a very strong cast of character, Persiani, Grisi, Corbari, Mario, Tamburini, Rovere, and Tagliafico taking the principal parts; we must accord to the performance, altogether, every praise. It is clear the attraction which draws together the audience belongs to the whole representation, and not to one or two individual characters. Persiani was, perhaps, a little too florid; but as her voice, as is the case with sopranos generally, is better adapted for execution than sustaining, it is not to be wondered at that she should indulge herself in it. Tamburini pleases us more in this character than any other. Rovere has yet to become acquainted with an English audience; the recollection of Lablache, as *Leporello*, perhaps acting as a damper upon his reception; the playing of the orchestra assists not a little to the general effect, and the audience felt that full justice had been done to one of the finest operas ever written.

LETTERS ON GOSS'S INTRODUCTION TO HARMONY AND THOROUGH BASS.

No. III.

"The greatest enemy to science, is he who conceals the causes that retard its progress."

The end of criticism is to elicit truth. Critics (especially musical) are frequently a malevolent and cowardly set of men; and most assuredly those who scan the faults of others with a desire to depreciate them, rather than to enlighten the public, may be classed as such. On the contrary, he is an honest critic who discreetly points out imperfections in any shape with a view to clip the wings of error; which, unfortunately, flies faster than intelligence.

It is customary, in Germany, for reviewers to write in their own names. The editor of the *Viener Allgemeine Music Zeitung*, announces his name in every number; and no periodical can be carried on with greater independence and zeal than Dr. August Schmidt's, its editor. This custom I adopt, because I despise the mask, treachery and ignorance of the musical editorial communications, which become the more offensive in proportion to the increase of periodicals.

If every musical writer signed his own name to his effusions, less trickery and more erudition would be the result. Let every man be responsible for the errors he circulates, then he would become more guarded and independent, I may add, more respectable.

I have some right to take this high ground respecting *musical criticism*, because few of the "penny-a-liners" are musicians either by study or nature.

The people of England have no conception of the *gammon* (excuse this well understood expression) of the press, from the *Morning Post*, upwards. Permit me, therefore, Mr. Editor, to thank you for the line of criticism you feel disposed to adopt in the *FINE ART'S JOURNAL*, because it will advance all the arts and music, which is the most humanising, noble, and refined known in the world. Under every difficulty (and I know there are

many) maintain the integrity of the press, then you will have no rival, unless other papers imitate you in this, or the public prefer ignorance and deception to intelligence and candour.

I offer these remarks, in order to caution some of the *leading papers*. I have some experience in journalism, and may be able to show up a little of that paucity and *ad captandum* style of scribbling which now glitters like icicles before the rising sun. The position of musical critics is now of more importance and interest than in former times (to wit, the rival Italian operas, the fascinating Grisi, Albini, Jenny Lind, &c.); it more particularly behoves *editors*, therefore, to procure, not only men possessing the common faculty and facility of expressing themselves in *neat language*, but to employ *faithful* men, deeply versed in the science they *profess* to understand and support. These are the only characters to save the press from the merited strictures of Cowper, who, in "The Progress of Error," thus describes it—"Thou ever-bubbling spring of endless lies." I now proceed to examine the work under my notice.

CHAPTER XIII.—"Of Suspensions."—The term "chord of suspension," although a very usual one, is nevertheless exceedingly illogical. A dissonance may be suspended, but on this account it does not become a chord of suspension. The substitution of a noun for an active verb is here admirably exemplified, and, in order to make it clear to those unskilled in music, I will explain this small talk of musical theorists. When the hypocrite Tawell was hanging, could any of the yellow-hearted bye-standers call him "a man of suspension" merely because he was suspended?

Then why call a chord a suspension chord, for it is but subject to the like treatment, i.e., it may be suspended. It is but fair to inform our readers that Mr. Goss has only followed the opinions of many esteemed theorists, who, to establish a system of chords, have neglected the right use of words; had they considered them, they could not have given out such vague notions respecting chords, as the following "interlude" will show—e.g.:—

At bar 2, the dissonant note (E) is in the bass; thus our author would contend formed a chord of suspension. But what is suspended? the only note to be suspended is E, and this dissonant note is not suspended till the C natural is heard in the tenor. The discord F A C E is first struck, then suspended (because another discord in E minor

follows otherwise there would have been no suspension), and ultimately the dissonant note E is resolved to D. Our author will not maintain that the discord F A C E is the same or part of the discord B D F A; such, however, is the dilemma to which this system reduces it. At bar 3, the alto (A) is the dissonant note, which is suspended

at bar 4 in three different ways. First it (A) appears in the dominant 7th; then it is suspended and forms the root of the subdominant triad (A sharp, C E), and is instantly again suspended, forming the third of the supertonic 7th; and lastly, it is again suspended, and forms the compound discord of the 11th on the tonic, and then resolves to G. The dissonant note A, therefore, performs these three changes; yet can any of these discords be logically called "chords of suspension?" At bar 7, D in the alto is the 9th (C is the root); it is *not* suspended, but is immediately resolved to C; then why call it a "chord of suspension?" It would be far more intelligible to designate it a "*discord of retardation*," because the root is held back from its resolution by the D. But this term is also objectionable, inasmuch as it would produce as bad a system of chords as the one adopted in Mr. Goss's work.

The first paragraph of Chapter XII. concludes thus: "It is obvious that the suspension will likewise be prepared." One consonant note prepares a dissonant one; but one consonant and one dissonant note would be required to prepare, or rather to retain, a note that is suspended. By our author's examples, I find he prepares a dissonant, and calls it a *suspension prepared*; is, then, the dissonant suspended? No; it is resolved—to resolve is not to suspend. Strange as it may now seem, I will soon show that our author's theory of discord upsets this truism.

Adagio.

At bar 1, the two first voices produce an effective horn progression: the inversion of these parts, however, is more frequently employed. E to A is a perfect 4th; and it must be clear that the so-called 4th (and so figured) at bar 4 (A to D), in voices 2 and 3, is not a 4th at all, but it is the compound dissonance of the 11th.

Much unnecessary discussion has taken place among the theorists of Germany, France, and England respecting the interval of the perfect 4th. Some contend that it is a consonant, and others a

"*Susensions formed on the Triad.*"—This heading is, of itself, a contradiction. When construed it means, "any note with its 3rd and 5th forms a triad" (*vide Chapter V.*), a tetrad, or the compound discords, 9, 11, and 13. How do the notes G C D, G B E, and G C E constitute the major triad of G B D? In what does G C E resemble G B D? One is the triad on the tonic; the other the triad on the dominant. Are these, then, really to be considered suspensions of G B D, when other notes prevent G B D from being heard twice? There is not, in reality, one instance of suspension given in the musical examples at page 39. I will present Mr. Goss with £100 if he can show me one, provided the term *suspend* means to *retain* a dissonant; that is, to keep a dissonant in two chords. I know no other meaning of the term suspension. Our author's examples do only this, *prepare* dissonances and *resolve* them; but they are never (as I before observed) once suspended, unless suspend means to resolve. The character of the music of these examples is improperly classed; they are nothing more nor less than *sequences*. It is an error to refer to a particular branch in music, and call it by some other name—one name is amply sufficient.

Before leaving this subject, I will explain the difference between the intervals of a 2nd, 4th, 6th, and 7th, to the compound discords of the 9th, 11th, and 13th, by the following interlude, e.g.:

The reader will see that the inversions of the intervals are described in the lower staff: the roots, therefore, must be the same as those on the staff above.

The root lies on the 2nd degree of the interval of the 2nd and on the 1st degree of the interval of the 9th. The following table will at once explain the subject, e. g.:

Intervals.	Roots on.	Notes.
2nd	II.	D to C.
9th	I.	C " D.
4th	I.	G " C.
11th	V.	G " C.
3rd	I.	C " E.
13th	V.	C " E.

From this table we learn two things; firstly, that all consonant intervals may become dissonant ones; secondly, the difference between simple and compound intervals.

I will now examine our author's method of distinguishing between a 9th and a 2nd, who, in a note on p. 39, thus expresses it, "We here perceive the difference between a 9th and a 2nd, the former being resolved in one of the upper parts, and the latter in the bass." To follow up this train of reasoning would be to insist that *Simon* going to the north, is not *Simon* when he goes to the south. Reasoning musically, what would become of this quotation if the 9th (alias the 7th) were in the bass? Had Mr. Goss known the inversions of the compound dissonants, he could not have compounded such notions. From this $\begin{smallmatrix} 9 & 11 & 13 \\ \text{VII} & \text{V} & \text{III} \end{smallmatrix}$ we learn the true inversion of a

$\begin{smallmatrix} 16 & 16 & 16 \\ \text{VII} & \text{V} & \text{III} \end{smallmatrix}$ which, if placed in the lowest part, or bass, would become a 7th. But what has the form of one chord to do with the *nature* of another chord? A 2nd is the inversion of a 7th, and a 7th of a 9th; but all this has nothing to do with "the difference between a 9th and a 2nd, nor can any parallel be drawn between them, inasmuch as the first form of a chord has nothing whatever to do with the fourth form of another chord. Again: what has "resolution," and "upper," and lower parts to do with this question?

Page 40, "Preparing a 9th by an 8th is not allowed." Why not? Had our author said resolving two or more 9ths into 8ths is not allowed, then he might, with propriety, have concluded his sentence; "because the effect of consecutive 8ths is produced;" but, as it stands, it conveys a false impression.

In a note at the bottom of this page we read, "9ths, 4ths &c. are sometimes used without preparations, but it is not then usual to call them suspensions." In other words, *preparation is suspension, suspension is percussion*; ergo 9ths, 4ths &c. are named percussions—without percussion they are nothing at all! This is one of the specimens of logic peculiar to the theorists who treat of "chords of suspension," and although Monsieur Fetis, of Brussels, may be justly esteemed an excellent theorist in his school, yet his notions on this subject violate every law of reason. Only examine to what a state I have reduced the last quotation, and judge whether that is the way to intellectualize the students of "The Royal Academy of Music?" Let common sense, not prejudice, nor favour, be the arbiter in this matter.

In concluding this tedious chapter of suspensions, I beg to observe that I disagree with all the rules from p. 41 to 44, some are erroneous, others loosely, and unsatisfactorily dealt with. If one differ from me in my opinion, I shall be very happy to explain myself more fully on this point. I, therefore, give the advocates and teachers of this work no *loop-hole to creep out of*.

FRENCH FLOWERS.

3, Keppel-street, Russell-square.

(To be continued.)

Erratum.—In my letter headed "Beethoven Italianized," the omission of B in the word *robbed*, opposed my meaning thus, ROBBED (not "robbed") of his fatherland.

CONCERTS.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The sixth took place last Monday, and presented some attractive features.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

Sinfonia in E Flat	Mozart.
Recit. "Me voilà seule" { Madame Dorus Gras	Haley.
Air, "Bouge pas" { Les Mousquetaires de la Reine	
Concerto, Violin, M. Vieutemps	Vieutemps.
Recit. "À questo seno" { Miss Dolby	Mozart.
Aria, "Quando miro" {	Beethoven.
Overture, Egmont	

PART II.

Characteristic Sinfonia, "Die Weile der Töne" Spohr.
Aria, "En vain j'espère" Madame Dorus
Gras (Robert le Diable)
Air, "O rest in the Lord," Miss Dolby
Mendelssohn (Elijah)
Overture, Jubilee

Madame Dorus Gras made her first appearance for this season, and received a flattering reception. On this occasion she exhibited, as usual, some very elaborate mechanical execution, but was most successful in the air from *Robert le Diable*, into which she infused much impassioned feeling. Miss Dolby seemed not in good voice, singing with some trepidation; but she was warmly applauded. Of Vieutemps' playing, it is, perhaps, impossible to speak too much in praise; he possesses a command over the mechanical difficulties of the instrument truly wonderful; the only cause of regret is that great players seem to take far more trouble to show off their instruments than themselves. We are overwhelmed with astonishment at the marvels we hear, but are listless and unmoved by the want of expression of feeling, or at all events the very rare exhibition of it. This observation holds good with regard to the composition. As a whole, the concerto was very long and very wearisome, written for the mere mechanism of the instrument—some favourite exercises worked up into a concerto, and, therefore, patchy and without connection, the first movement was perhaps the best. Strange to say, this concerto, which was received in Paris with the utmost enthusiasm, was heard here with a coldness almost amounting to apathy. It is but to repeat the often told tale to eulogise the performance of the orchestra; there it seems a progress towards something better on every occasion it is heard. It will only be necessary to speak here of Spohr's symphony, the power of sound. We have shown elsewhere how far music is descriptive, but in this composition, although there is a written account of the author's intention, we must confess that in no case does the music convey the idea. With all the power of combinations displayed by Spohr, there is a monotony and heaviness, qualities quite incompatible with all the variety of expression intended. Without reference to the intention, the music is pleasing, but certainly has no pretension to the character "descriptive."

REVIEWS.

Memoranda, or Chronicles of the Foundling Hospital; including Memoir of Captain Coram, &c., &c. By JOHN BROWNLOW. Sampson Low, Lamb's Conduit-street.

HOWEVER well the name and object of the Foundling Hospital are now known, few are aware of the peculiar claims it had for its very existence to the benevolent feelings of many artists of that period. The institution, which was first set on foot by Captain Coram, was incorporated by charter in 1739; and, in a few years afterwards, the present building was erected. The first admission of children took place in 1741, when twenty were taken in; the system then adopted being the ballot, which continued for fifteen years; during which period 1,384 children were received; but, in 1756, the governors, wishing to extend their sphere, took in all that presented themselves. This rule lasted for nearly four years, during which upwards of fourteen thousand children found admission. So many evils, however, resulted from this course that it was discontinued; and parliament, which had hitherto granted supplies, no longer supported the institution. The governors then find-

ing themselves in want of resources, but still anxious to carry on the hospital, fell into another error, and came to the resolution of receiving children on the payment of £100. This practice was at length abolished; and, in 1801, the original intention, of the founder, Captain Coram, which was to protect the mother as well as save the child, which was to confine the charity to certain objects was adhered to. Under this plan 500 children are supported in the hospital from extreme infancy up to the age of fifteen. The average yearly admissions are forty-four. Subsequently a benevolent fund was established for the support of those who had been brought up at the Foundling and were aged or infirm, this fund supports ten persons on weekly allowances.

Such is a brief account of the foundation, the systems tried, and plans at present carried out. That part of the history which most belongs to us, is, that artists not only contributed in a great degree to its foundation and ultimate success, but that from this very institution may be traced the idea of the present Royal Academy. In the very first page we find the following passage.

"Sir Robert Strange, in his inquiry into the rise and establishment of the Royal Academy of Arts, makes the following remark:—'The donations in painting, which several artists presented to the Foundling Hospital, were among the first objects of this nature, which had engaged the attention of the public. The artists, observing the effects that these paintings produced, came in the year 1720, to a resolution to try the fate of an exhibition of their works. This effort had its desired effect; the public were entertained, and the artists were excited to emulation.' And again, in his conduct of the royal academicians, he says, 'Accident has been often observed to produce, what the utmost efforts of industry have failed to accomplish; and something of that kind seems to have happened here. As liberty has ever been considered the friend and parent of the fine arts, it is natural for their professors to revere the memory of all those who were the champions and assertors of that invaluable blessing, particularly those of our own country; on this principle it was that the artists we are now speaking of had an annual meeting at the Foundling Hospital, to commemorate the landing of King William. To this charity several of their body had made donations in painting, sculpture, &c., which being accessible to the public, made those artists more generally known than others; and this circumstance it was that first suggested an exhibition, which was no sooner proposed than approved; the committee consequently, who were the proposers, received directions to issue proper notices of the intention; the performances of many ingenious men, hitherto unknown, were received, and on the 21st day of April, 1720, an exhibition was opened in the great room of the Society of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, in the Strand; on which it will be sufficient to observe that the success was equal to the most sanguine expectations; the public were pleased, and the artists applauded; those already known received additional reputation, and such as were not, became the immediate acquaintance of the public.'

This, as is now well known, formed the nucleus from whence sprung the present Royal Academy. Many of the most distinguished artists of that day exhibited their productions; and thus, from an annual meeting at a charitable institution, has arisen the present very extensive establishment. Further on in the book we have a catalogue and account of the principal works of art presented to the Foundling. Among them we have the names of Hogarth, Wilson, Gainsborough, Kneller, Reynolds, Roubiliac, Rysbrack, &c., &c. A very interesting memoir is added of Captain Coram, the founder of the hospital, in which the peculiar energy of his character is pourtrayed; for it took him a hard struggle of seventeen years before the object was accomplished—a time and trouble that would have wearied out the patience of any other man.

While giving credit to one class of artists for their exertions in forwarding the interests of the Foundling Hospital, those of another class must not be overlooked. We mean, the musicians. Handel very soon enlisted himself among its warmest supporters. On the 4th of May, 1749, there was a performance of vocal and instrumental music under his superintendence which realised £500; and every year after this, as long as Handel was able to, the *Messiah* was performed, which netted to the charity no less a sum than £7,000; and at his death he made the following bequest:—

"I give a fair copy of the score and all the parts of my oratorio called the *Messiah* to the Foundling Hospital."

Which precious gift they now boast of.

Not the least remarkable circumstance con-

nected with the Foundling Hospital is, that Dr. Burney endeavoured to establish there an Academy of Music, and used his utmost exertions for that purpose; and

"This was nothing less than to establish in England a seminary for the education of musical pupils of both sexes, upon a plan of which the idea should be borrowed, though the execution should almost wholly be new modelled from the conservatories of Naples and Vienna."

If this scheme should have been matured, strange to say the Foundling Hospital would have been the originator, not only of the Royal Academy of Arts, but of an Academy of Music. The first has been accomplished; and although disappointment blighted the last scheme, yet it is interesting to know that the first idea of the kind in this country was projected to be established at this charitable institution. We have thus cursorily glanced over the contents of this book, which has been published from authentic documents. Those who wish to become better acquainted with the institution, we must refer to the book; for us, it will be sufficient to be instrumental in calling public attention to this noble charity; more especially, that its establishment and prosperity is, in a great degree, owing to the interest taken in its welfare by the members of different branches of the Fine Arts.

Heart, Heart, be Gay; Ballad, written by GEORGE MACFARREN. Music composed by WALTER MACFARREN. Olivier, Bond-street.

THIS is a ballad of the plaintive cast, and one just suited to our peculiar notions for simple melody. It is plain and unvarnished, with a degree of fulness arising from well-sustained combinations. It will be welcome to every drawing-room.

The Goodwood Waltzes—The Belfast Polka—The Evelyn Polka. By F. G. PENNEY. Olivier, Bond-street.

POLKAS and waltzes have been so common that it is difficult, no doubt, to compose anything original in their department. There is a good deal of lively music in these compositions.

MISCELLANEOUS.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRICAL FUND.—The anniversary dinner connected with this Institution took place at the Freemasons' Tavern, on Wednesday last, the Duke of Cambridge in the chair. After the usual toasts, Mr. Drinkwater Meadows, the secretary, entered into a statement of the affairs of the institution. The annuities amounted at that moment to £1,300, three additional members having been added to the list during the last year, besides seventeen cases of casual relief bestowed upon theatrical families who had no claim upon the institution as members. The amount of subscription announced was £504, besides a donation of £100 by a Mr. Macleugh. The musical arrangements were under the superintendance of Mr. T. Cooke.

Mr. Herbert's fine picture of *Our Saviour subject to his Parents at Nazareth*, has been selected by Colonel B. Estcourt, one of the £300 prizewinners in the Art-Union.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The "Barbiere di Seviglia," announced for Saturday evening, was postponed in consequence of Madame Persiani's indisposition.

ACKERMANN'S REGISTERED BINDING PINS.—We cannot refuse to ourselves the gratification of calling the attention of our readers to these simply constructed, easily applied, and completely efficient contrivances for keeping together every variety of unbound sheets. We admire them for that they suit the unmechanical, like ourselves, demanding no effort of the fingers, their application being less complicated than the buttoning of a wristband. They are, moreover, cheap—with—an excellent recommendation under this pressure of the money-market. Four dozen for sixpence! a denomination of coin that only obtained respectability when discovered to be the pecuniary equivalent for two numbers of our Journal.

Miss M. B. Hawes's concert took place last Wednesday evening, at the Hanover Square Rooms, and was well attended. Miss Hawes was supported by Madame Dorus Gras, Misses Birch, E. Birch, Sabilla Novello, and Rainforth; Messrs. Hobbs, Lockey, and Phillips. Herr Kuhe played a brilliant fantasia on the piano, and Herr Stepanosh on the violoncello. Sir Henry Bishop conducted on the occasion.

INDIAN FRESCOES.—The Court of Directors of the East India Company have recently received from India copies in oils of part of the remains of the antique fresco paintings in the Buddhist cave temples excavated in the rocks in the neighbourhood of Adjunta, in Kandesh. The frescoes are probably of different ages; but some of them may have an antiquity of 1,700 or 1,800 years. They contrast very favourably with the Italian frescoes of the middle ages; and some of the countenances in the most ancient are singularly fine and expressive. What is unusual in painting of a very early period, a knowledge of perspective in architectural buildings is manifested.—*Athenaeum.*

A MONUMENT TO CAXTON.—The following letter has been addressed to Viscount Morpeth, First Commissioner of her Majesty's Woods and Forests, by the Rev. H. H. Miltman:

My dear Lord Morpeth.—A notion has been for some time brooding in my mind, which has at length assumed form and consistence. In the history of our country, with one exception—the preaching of Christianity,—no event surpasses in importance the introduction of printing. Of our public benefactors, few have a stronger claim on our respect and gratitude than William Caxton. The house in the Almonry, which tradition pointed out as the residence of Caxton, and the scene of his labours (in apprehension, I presume, of its approaching fate from the Westminster Improvement Commissioners), has fallen down of its own accord. The tradition is of somewhat doubtful authority; it is certain, however, that the printing press in England commenced its operations within the precincts or sanctuary of the abbey. I venture to suggest the propriety of raising a public monument in commemoration of that great event, and in honour of Caxton. For such a monument the open space, at the end of the new Victoria-street, in front of the Abbey, would be admirably suited. The character of the monument might be this. A fountain (of living water) by day, out of which should arise a tall pillar, obelisk, or cluster of pinnacles for light by night; the diffusion of light being the fit and intelligible symbol for the invention of printing.

If the propriety of the suggestion be admitted, the details would of course depend on the space at our command, and the amount of subscription. I propose, therefore, that a subscription be commenced among those who are connected with literature in its most extensive signification, but which shall include all classes of the community. I cannot but think that, in the present temper of the public mind, as regards letters, the arts, and the ornament of the metropolis, a considerable sum might be raised without difficulty, to preserve in its appropriate locality the memory of this event—an event of such inappreciable importance, alike in a religious, a civil, a social, a scientific point of view; to which we owe, in so great a degree, the divinity, the poetry, the philosophy, perhaps the constitution and liberties of the land. It is fortunate for such a scheme that the high office which your lordship holds, on whose decision the erection of public monuments must, to a great extent depend, is filled by one who has ever shown so strong an interest in, and has himself contributed to, the literature of England. Under such auspices, I cannot but feel confident that such a monument might be raised, honourable at once to the country—which ought to commemorate with equal munificence its triumphs in the arts of peace, as in those of war—and ornamental to the metropolis, especially that part of the metropolis which, so closely bordering on the Abbey and the Houses of Parliament, will become more and more the centre of public resort.—I have the honour to be, &c., H. H. MILTMAN.—Cloisters, Westminster Abbey, April 26.

DESPATCH IN PENCIL MAKING.—The following instance of despatch in the execution of an order is without a parallel, we apprehend, in the history of pencil-making, and is therefore not deemed unworthy of being chronicled. It shows how much can be accomplished in the course of a few hours by effective machinery, convenience, and a complete establishment in every department of the business, of expert and willing workmen. On Thursday last, an order was received by Messrs. Banks, Foster, and Co., of Keswick, by the London mail, which reaches that town a little before midday, but as the locomotive engine by which the letters in that place are conveyed from house to house is not on Mr. Crampton's principle, the order in question would probably not reach its destination, a distance of about one hundred and fifty yards from the post-office, much before four o'clock in the afternoon! However, be that as it may, when the order did come to hand there was not a single pencil of the kind required—"Slate in cedar"—in

stock, and fifty gross wanted in London at an early hour on Saturday morning, otherwise they would be useless. The work was set about instantaneously. The unshapely pieces of stone were cut into the required scantlings; the wood was cut up, and grooved to receive the pieces of slate, but before a sufficient quantity of "grooves" and slate were ready to put into the hands of the "fitters-in" six o'clock had arrived. Shortly after that hour, however, the fitters-in commenced their portion of the work, and before three o'clock on Friday morning, the whole were fit in and glued together! The men resumed their work at the usual hour on Friday morning, and immediately commenced with the various processes of rounding, polishing, cutting into the required lengths, stamping, tying up in labelled packages of a dozen each, and finally into parcels of half a gross each, the whole of which operations were gone through with perfect ease, and the fifty gross, or 7,200 pencils, were despatched by the mid-day mail to Kendal, from whence they would be forwarded by the mail train to London the same evening, and thus reach the metropolis on Saturday morning, some hours before the usual hum of business was heard in the streets of that great city!—So much for what can be accomplished by the extraordinary powers of water and steam! By the aid of the former upwards of 7,000 pencils are carried through their various processes in one establishment and completed, within sixteen hours; and by the still more marvellous power of the latter the said pencils are conveyed from Keswick to London in the short space of fourteen hours.—*Cumberland Pacquet.*

BURGLARY AND ROBBERY BY TWO ACTORS OF DRURY LANE THEATRE.—Owing to the refusal of the London and North-western Railway Company to convey Mr. Hughes's elephants by train, in the same mode as the remaining portion of the establishment, it was found necessary for them to walk the distance. On arriving at Markyate-street, a few miles beyond Woburn, the party remained for the night at the Swan Inn, but no sooner had all retired to rest than the little gentleman and his more bulky female companion set to work with a determination to prowl about Markyate-street, during the stillly night. After removing the gates of the coach-house, they made for the larder, the strong wire-work and windows of which they tore out, and swallowed everything to their taste, breaking all the crockery and wooden ware. Their next move was to get free of the yard, the gates of which were unusually strong and well secured. After drawing the staples, and removing bolts and bars, they found some impediment in a secret fastening; so they at once lifted the gates off the hinges, and placed them against the wall. On getting into the street, their first visit was to Mrs. Birdsley's, grocer and corn-dealer, where they destroyed the small gates placed in the larger ones; but were unable to make an entrance through them, or to find the real fastenings of the higher ones; so they went to the shop of Mr. Birden, butcher whose shop door they quickly forced open, overturning the beef, and seizing a sheep. Leaving all here in confusion, they passed on to Mr. Guttridge's farm, at the end of the town, where they entered a field of turnips, and made themselves quite at home; and after taking their fill, laid down to rest. No alarm or discovery was made until some labourers came by to their work. They were, however, at last secured and punished by the keepers, and bills of damage forwarded to Mr. Hughes.—*Birmingham Advertiser.*

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.—"Schiller's Don Carlos, and other Poems." Translated from the German. H. G. Bohn, York street, Covent Garden.
"Cromwell," a drama in five acts, by Alfred B. Richards, Barrister at Law. Pickering.
"Hogg's Weekly Instructor."
MUSIC RECEIVED.—Two "Fantasias," Nos. 1 and 2, for the Pianoforte; on the favourite airs sung by Miss Jenny Lind. By W. Kuhe, Cramer, Beale, and Co., Regent-street.
CONCERTS NEXT WEEK.—Exeter Hall, Monday evening, Wilson's Scottish Entertainments.—Music Hall, Store-street.—Beethoven Quartet Society.—Mr. Wilmer's Matinee Musicals.—Amateur Musical Society, at the Concert Room of Her Majesty's Theatre.
Wednesday, Fifth Ancient Concert.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Proprietor, Mr. LUMLEY.—This Evening (Saturday), May 20th, will be performed Donizetti's opera, *L'ELISIR D'AMORE*. Adina, Madre Castellan; Nororino, Signor Gardoni; Belcore, Signor Lablache; and Dr. Dulcamara, Signor Lablache. In the course of the evening a divertissement, in which Mlle. Cerito, Mlle. Rosati, M. Porrot, and M. St. Leon will appear. To conclude with the revived admired ballet (by M. Perrot) entitled *LA ESMERALDA* (omitting the last tableau). The principal characters by Mlle. Carlotta Grisi, Madame Copere, and Madame Petit Stephan; M. St. Leon, M. Gosselin, and M. Perrot. Applications for boxes, pit-stalls, and tickets to be made at the box-office of the theatre. Doors opens at 7 o'clock, the opera to commence at half-past 7.

Tuesday next, June 1st, will be repeated Donizetti's highly successful new opera, *La Figlia del Reggimento*.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT-GARDEN.—This Evening (Saturday), May 29, Mozart's *DON GIOVANNI*, which has been some time in preparation, will be performed, with the most perfect ensemble, embracing a triple orchestra, ballet, double chorus, with all the leading artistes: including Grisi, Persiani, Corbari, Mario, Rovere, Tamburini, Tagliavico, Ley, &c. To render as perfect an ensemble as possible in the performance of this opera, Mlle. Fanny Elsler and Mlle. Dumilatre have kindly consented to dance in the Minuet. Conducted by M. Costa. The ballet, *LA SALAMANDRINE*, in which Fanny Elsler and Mlle. Dumilatre will perform, will also be supported by Mlle. Berlin, Mlle. Neodot, Mlle. Demilisse, Mlle. Delechaux, M. Petipa, &c. The Subscribers, Nobility, and Gentry are respectfully informed that an additional pit and box entrance is now opened under the Piazza, Covent-garden. Tickets, Stalls, and Boxes to be obtained at the Box-office, Bow-street; and at Cramer, Beale, and Co., 201, Regent-street.

Prices of Admission, Pit Tickets, 8s.; Pit Stalls, 21s.; First Amphitheatre Stalls, First Row, 15s.; Second and Third Rows, 12s. 6d.; Second Amphitheatre Stalls, 7s.; First Amphitheatre Tickets, 8s.; Second Amphitheatre Tickets, 5s.; Gallery Tickets, 3s.

The doors open at Half-past Seven, and the performance commence at Eight.

IMPORTANT CAUTION.—A. ROWLAND AND SON, 20, Hatton-garden, London, beg the caution of the nobility and gentry being misled by the attempts of some shopkeepers, who, to compounds of their own manufacture, give the titles of "Macassar Oil," "Kalydor," and "Odonto," some under the implied sanction of Royalty and the Government departments, with similar attempts at deception, while they copy the bills, labels, advertisements, and testimonials (substituting fictitious names and addresses for the real) of the original preparations. The only genuine "Macassar Oil," "Kalydor," and "Odonto," are "Rowlands'" and the wrapper of each bears the name of "Rowlands'" preceding that of the article, with their signature at the foot, in red ink, thus—"A. Rowland and Son."

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The especial patronage of Her Majesty the Queen, H. R. H. Prince Albert, the whole of the Royal Family, and of every Court in the civilised world, and the high esteem in which these preparations are universally held, together with numerous testimonials constantly received of their efficacy, afford the best and surest proofs of their merits.

Sold by the Proprietors, at 20, Hatton-garden, London, and by all Chemists and Perfumers.

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STEPHEN'S Process for DYEING or SATIN-ING WOOD, as a substitute for paint. The natural grain of wood is imitated by art; but the most successful imitation has a sameness of appearance when compared with the continual variety which different woods present in their natural grain. To give an ornamental colour to the wood without obscuring the grain is the object of this process, which surpasses paint in appearance, while at the same time it is so economical that the whole interior of a house, which would take a month or six weeks to paint in the usual manner, may be finished in one week by the process above named, and be more pleasing when finished. The dyes or stains are prepared and sold by HENRY STEPHENS, 54, Stamford-street, Blackfriars-road, London, in bottles of 4d. and 1s. each, and at 10s. per gallon. The Oak Colour may be obtained in powder at 8s. per lb., which dissolves in water to form the liquid, and 1lb. will make one gallon of stain.—N.B. The trade supplied.

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Admission (from Eight o'Clock till Seven), One Shilling.
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THE ASSOCIATION TO PROMOTE THE
FREE EXHIBITION OF MODERN ART.—The
Exhibition is now Open to the Public on Monday, Tuesday,
Wednesday, and Thursday free; and on Friday and Saturday at 1s. each. Catalogue, 2d each.

THE EXHIBITION of the SOCIETY of
BRITISH ARTISTS (incorporated by Royal Charter),
at their Gallery, Suffolk-street, Pall-mall East, is now OPEN
daily, from nine a.m. till dusk. Admission, 1s.
EDWARD HASSELL, Secretary.

LIVERPOOL ACADEMY, 1847.

WORKS OF ART intended for the ensuing
EXHIBITION of the Liverpool Academy, will be
received by Mr. Green, 14, Charles-street, Middlesex Hos-
pital, London, until the 12th of August next, from those
Artists to whom the Academy's Circular has been sent.

WILLIAM GAWIN HERDMAN, Secretary.

ROYAL ADELAIDE INSTITUTE.—The
EXHIBITION of PAINTING and SCULPTURE is
NOW OPEN DAILY from Eight o'clock till dusk. Adminis-
tration, including Catalogue, 1s. Children, 6d.
THOMAS HARRINGTON WILSON, Secretary.
Royal Adelaide Gallery, Strand, May 22, 1847.

THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN
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RAPHAEL'S PICTURE, "THE VISION OF
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40	1	10	4	13	8 8
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50	2	3	2	13	11
55	3	0	13	3	5 5 0
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Jan. 1847.

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London: Printed by WILLIAM WHINREY GEARING, of
No. 2, Stuart's Buildings, in the Parish of St. Giles-in-the-
Fields, in the County of Middlesex, at 27, Parker-street; in
the Parish of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, as aforesaid; and Pub-
lished by JOHN DAY, of 48, Paradise-street, Lambeth, at the
Office of "THE FINE ARTS' JOURNAL," 12, Wellington
Street North, Strand, in the Parish of St. Paul, Covent
Garden, in the Liberty of Westminster.